

Accessions

149.686

Shelf No.

X & 3974.42

Barton Library.



Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

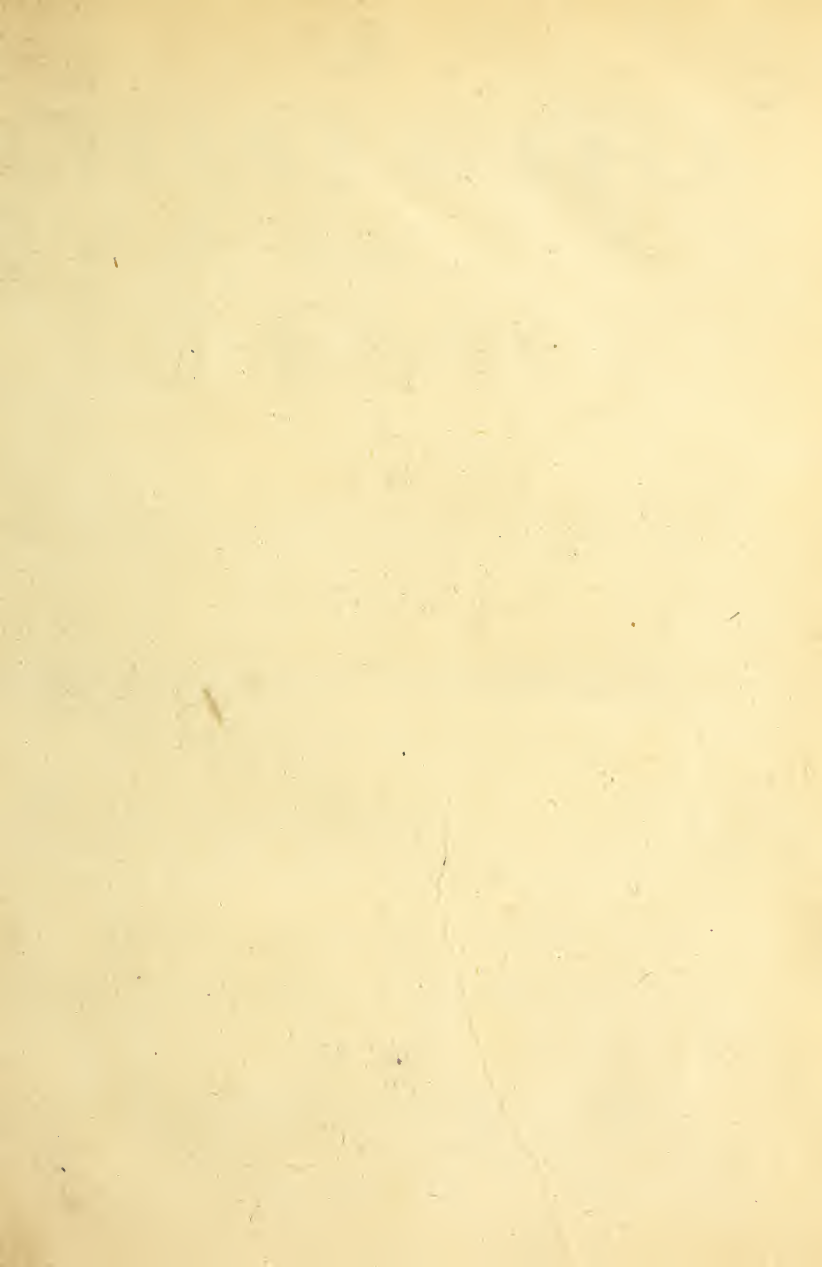
Received, May, 1873.

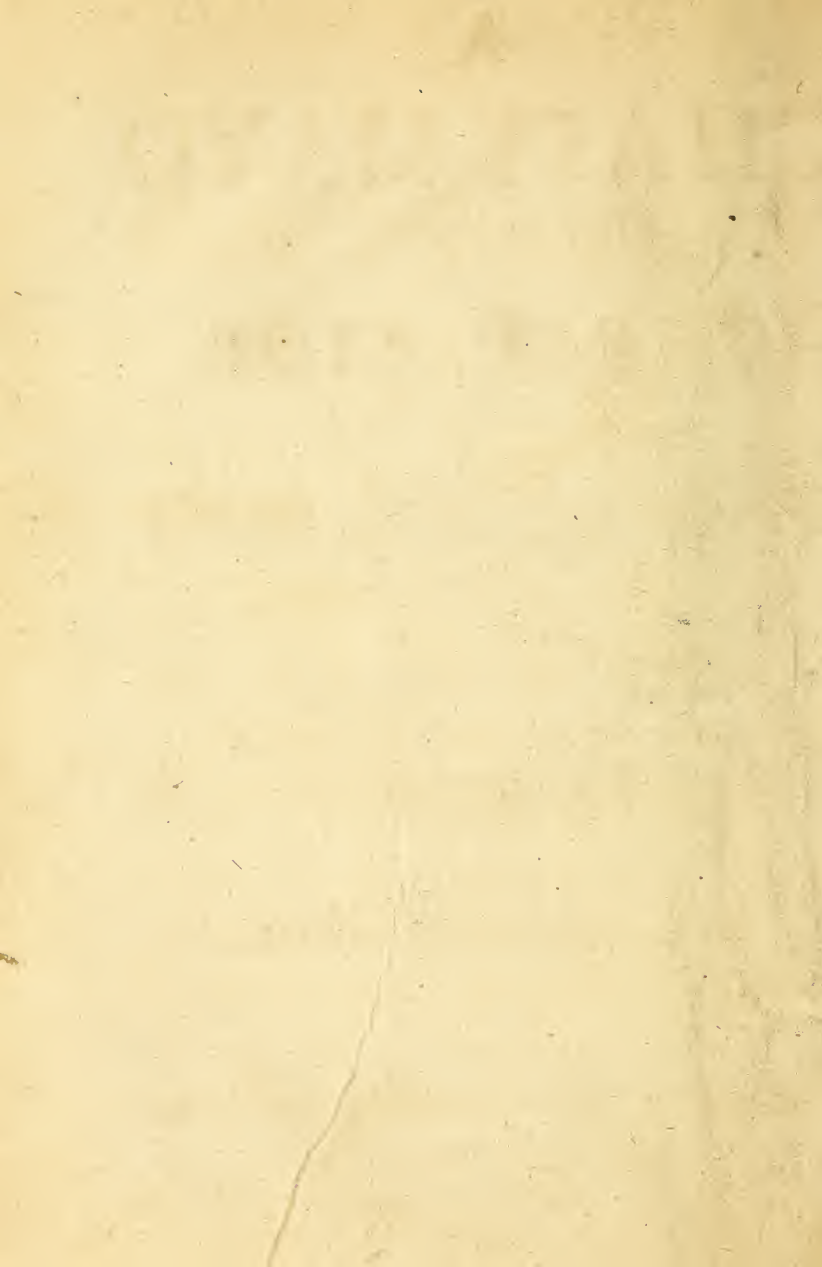
Not to be taken from the Library.





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016





A
CHAST MAYD
F N
CHEAPE-SIDE.

A
Pleasant conceited Comedy
neuer before printed.

As it hath beene often acted at the
Swan on the Banke-side, by the
Lady ELIZABETH her
Seruants.

By THOMAS MIDDLETON Gent.

LONDON,
Printed for Francis Constable dwelling at the
signe of the Crane in Pauls
Church-yard.
1630.

149.686

xg
3974
42

May. 18 73



The Names of the principall Persons.

M^r YELLOWHAMMER, *A Gold-Smith.*

MAVDLINE, *His Wife.*

TIM, *Their Sonne.*

MOLL, *Their Daughter.*

TVTOR to TIM.

S^r WALTER WHOREHOVND, *A Suter to MOLL.*

S^r OLIVER KIXE, and his Wife, *Kin to S^r WALT.*

M^r ALLWIT, and his Wife, *Whom S^r WALT. keeps.*

WELCH GENTLEWOMAN, *S^r WALT. Whore.*

WAT and NICKE, *His Bastards.*

DAVY DAHVMA, *His Man.*

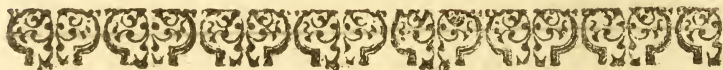
TVCHWOOD SENIOR, and his Wife, *A decayed Gentleman.*

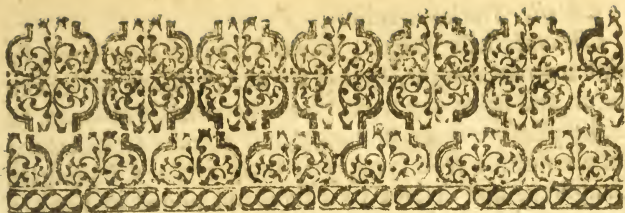
TVCHWOOD IVNIOR, *Another Suter to MOLL.*

2 PROMOTERS.

SERVANTS.

WATERMEN.





A Chast Mayd in Cheape-side.

Actus Primus.

Enter Maudline and Moll, a Shop being discovered.

Maudline.



Aue you playd ouer all your old Lessons o' the
Virginals?

Moll. Yes.

Maudl. Yes, you are a dull Mayd alate,
me thinkes you had need haue somewhat to
quicken your Greene Sicknesse, doe you weepe? A Hus-
band. Had not such a peece of Flesh been ordayned, what
had vs Wiues been good for? To make Sallets, or else cryd
vp and downe for Sampier. To see the difference of these
Seasons, when I was of your youth, I was lightsome, and
quicke, two yeeres before I was married. You fit for a
Knightsbed, drowfie browd, dull eyed, drossie sprited,
I hold my life you haue forgot your Dauncing: When
was the Dauncer with you?

B

Moll.

Moll. The last weeke.

Maudl. Last weeke, when I was of your bord, he mist me not a night, I was kept at it, I tooke delight to learne, and he to teach me, prittie browne Gentleman, he tooke pleasure in my company, but you are dull, nothing comes nimble from you, you daunce like a Plummers Daughter, and deserue two thousand pound in Lead to your marriage, and not in Gold-Smithes Ware.

Enter Yellow-hammer.

Yell. Now what's the din betwixt Mother and Daughter, ha?

Maudl. Faith small, telling your Daughter *Mary* of her Errors.

Yell. Errors, nay the Citie cannot hold you Wife, but you must needs fetch words from Westminster, I ha done I faith, has no Attorneys Clarke beene here a late, and changed his Halfe-Crowne-peece his Mother sent him, or rather cozend you with a guilded Two-pence, to bring the word in fashion, for her faults or crackes, in dutie and obedience, terme em eeue so sweet Wife. As there is no Woman made without a Flaw, your purest Lawnes haue Frayes, and Cambrickes Brackes.

Maudl. But 'tis a Husband sowders vp all Crackes.

Moll. What is he come Sir?

Yell. *Sr Walters* come.

He was met at Holbourne Bridge, and in his company, a proper faire young Gentlewoman, which I guesse by her red Hayre, and other ranke descriptions, to be his landed Neece, brought out of Wales, which *Tim* our Sonne (the Cambridge Boy) must marry. 'Tis a match of *Sr Walters* owne making to bind vs to him, and our Heires for euer.

Maudl. We are honored then, if this Baggage would be humble, and kisse him with deuotion when he enters. I cannot get her for my life

to instruct her Hand thus, before and after,
which a Knight will looke for, before and after.
I haue told her still, 'tis the wauing of a Woman
dose often moue a Man, and preuailes strongly.
But sweet, ha you sent to Cambridge,
(has *Tim* word an't?)

Tell. Had word iust the day after when you sent him the
Siluer Spooone to eat his Broath in the Hall, amongst the
Gentlemen Commoners.

Maudl. O 'twas timely.

Enter Porter.

Tell. How now?

Port. A Letter from a Gentleman in Cambridge.

Tell. O one of *Hobsons* Porters, thou art well-come.
I told thee *Maud* we should heare from *Tim*. *Amantissimis*
charissimisq; ambobus parentibus patri & matri.

Maudl. What's the matter?

Tell. Nay by my troth, I know not, aske not me,
he's growne too verball, this Learning is a great Witch.

Maud. Pray let me see it, I was wont to vnderstand him.
Amantissimus charissimus, he has sent the Carryers Man
he sayes: *ambobus parentibus*, for a paire of Boots:
patri & matri, pay the Porter, or it makes no matter.

Port. Yes by my faith Mistris, there's no true constru-
ction in that, I haue tooke a great deale of paines, and come
from the Bell sweating. Let me come to'te, for I was a
Schollar forty yeers ago, 'tis thus I warrant you: *Matri*, it
makes no matter: *ambobus parentibus*, for a paire of Boots:
patri, pay the Porter: *amantissimis charissimis*, he's the Car-
ryers Man, and his name is *Sims*, and there he sayes true,
forsooth my name is *Sims* indeed, I haue not forgot all my
learning. A Money matter, I thought I should hit on't.

Tell. Goe thou art an old Fox, ther's a Tester for thee.

Port. If I see your Worship at Goose Faire, I haue a
Dish of Birds for you.

Tell. Why dost dwell at Bow?

Port. All my life time Sir I could euer say Bo, to a Goose. Farewell to your Wership. *Exit Porter.*

Tell. A merry Porter.

Maudl. How can he choose but be so, comming with Cambridge Letters from our Sonne *Tim*?

Tell. What's here, *maximus diligo*, Faith I must to my learned Counsell with this geere, 'twill nere be discern'd else.

Maudl. Goe to my Cousen then, at Innes of Court.

Tell. Fye they are all for French, they speake no Latine.

Maudl. The Parson then will doe it.

Enter a Gentleman with a Chayne.

Tell. Nay he disclaimes it, calles Latine Papistry, he will not deale with it. What ist you lacke Gentleman?

Gent. Pray weigh this Chayne.

*Enter Sir Walter Whorehound, Welch Gentlewoman,
and Dany Dahanna.*

S.Walt. Now Wench thou art well-come to the Heart of the Citie of London.

W.Gent. Dugat a whee.

S.Walt. You can thanke me in English if you list.

W.Gent. I can Sir simply.

S.Walt. 'Twill serue to passe Wench, 'twas strange that I should lye with thee so often, to leave thee without English, that were vnnaturali, I bring thee vp to turne thee into Gold Wench, and make thy fortune shine like your bright Trade, a Gold-Smithes Shop sets out a Citie Mayd. *Dany Dahanna*, not a word.

Dan. Mum, mum Sir.

S.Walt. Here you must passe for a pure Virgine.

Dan. Pure Welch Virgine, she lost her Maydenhead in Brekenocke-Shire.

S.Walt.

S. Walt. I heare you mumble *Dauy*.

Dau. I haue Teeth Sir, I need not mumble yet this forty yeeres.

S. Walt. The Knaue bites plaguely.

Tell. What's your price Sir?

Gent. A hundred pound Sir.

Tell. A hundred markes the vtmost, 'tis not for me else.
What *S^r Walter Whorehound*?

Moll. O Death.

Exit Moll.

Maud. Why Daughter.

Faith the Baggage

a bashfull Girle Sir, these young things are shamefast,
besides you haue a presence sweet *S^r Walter*,
able to daunt a Mayd brought vp i' the Citie,

Enter Mary.

A braue Court Spirit makes our Virgines quiuer,
and kisse with trembling Thighes. Yet see she comes Sir.

S. Walt. Why how now prettie Mistris, now I haue caught you. What can you iniure so your time to strey thus from your faithfull Seruant.

Tell. Pish, stop your words good Knight, 'twill make her blush else, which wound to high for the Daughters of the Freedome, honor, and faithfull Seruant, they are complements for the Worthy's of Whitehall, or Greenwich, eene plaine, sufficient, subsidy words serues vs Sir. And is this Gentlewoman your worthy Neece?

S. Walt. You may be bold with her on these termes, 'tis she Sir, Heire to some nineteene Mountaines.

Tell. Blesse vs all, you ouer-whelme me Sir with loue and riches.

S. Walt. And all as high as *Pauls*.

Dau. Here's worke I faith.

S. Walt. How sayest thou *Dauy*?

Dau. Higher Sir by farre, you cannot see the top of 'em.

Tell. What Man? *Maudline* salute this Gentlewoman, our Daughter if things hit right.

Enter Tuckwood Innior.

T.I. My Knight with a brace of Footmen,
is come and brought vp his Ewe Mutton,
to find a Ram at London, I must hasten it,
or else picke a Famine, her Bloods mine,
and that's the surest. Well Knight, that choyse spoy
is onely kept for me.

Moll. Sir?

T.I. Turne not to me till thou mayst lawfully, it but
whets my stomacke, which is too sharpe set already. Read
that note carefully, keepe me from suspition still, nor know
my zeale but in thy Heart: read and send but thy liking in
three words, I'll be at hand to take it.

Tell. O turne Sir, turne.

A poore plaine Boy, an Vniuersitie Man,
proceeds next Lent to a Batcheler of Art,
he will be call'd Sr *Yellowhammer* then
ouer all Cambridge, and that's halfe a Knight.

Maudl. Please you draw neere, and tast the well-come,
of the Citie Sir?

Tell. Come good Sr *Walter*, and your vertuous Neece
here.

S.Walt. 'Tis manners to take kindnesse.

Tell. Lead 'em in Wife.

S.Walt. Your company Sir.

Tell. I'll giue't you instantly.

T.I. How strangely busie is the Diuell and riches,
Poore Soule kept in too hard, her Mothers Eye,
is cruell toward her, being to him,
'twere a good mirth now to set him a worke
to make her wedding Ring. I must about it.
Rather then the gaine should fall to a Stranger,
'twas honestie in me to enrich my Father.

Tell. The Girle is wondrous puiſh, I feare nothing,
but that she's taken with some other loue,

then

then ali's quite dasht, that must be narrowly lookt to,
we cannot be too wary in our Children. What ist you lack?

T.I. O nothing now, all that I wish is present.
I would haue a wedding Ring made for a Gentlewoman,
with all speed that may be.

Yell. Of what weight Sir?

T.I. Of some halfe ounce,
stand faire and comely, with the Sparke of a Diamond.
Sir 'twere pittie to lose the least grace.

Yell. Pray let's see it, indeed Sir 'tis a pure one.

T.I. So is the Mistris.

Yell. Haue you the wideness of her Finger Sir?

T.I. Yes sure I thinke I haue her measure about me,
good faith 'tis downe, I cannot show't you,
I must pull too many things out to be certaine.
Let me see, long, and slender, and neatly ioyned,
Iust such another Gentlewoman that's your Daughter Sir.

Yell. And therefore Sir no Gentlewoman.

T.I. I protest I neuer saw two Maids handed more alike
I'le nere seeke farther, if you'le giue me leaue Sir.

Yell. If you dare venture by her Finger Sir.

T.I. I, and I'le bide all losse Sir.

Yell. Say you so Sir, let's see hether Girle.

T.I. Shall I make bold with your finger Gentlewoman?

Moll. Your pleasure Sir.

T.I. That fits her to a haire Sir.

Yell. What's your Posie now Sir?

T.I. Masse that's true, Posie I faith eene thus Sir.

Loue that's wife, blinds Parents Eyes.

Yell. How, how, If I may speake without offence Sir,
I hold my life

T.I. What Sir?

Yell. Goe too, you'le pardon me?

T.I. Pardon you? I Sir.

Yell. Will you I faith?

T.I. Yes faith I will.

(you?)

Yell. You'le steale away some Mans Daughter, am I nere
Doe you turne aside? You Gentlemen are mad Wags, I
wonder

wonder things can be so warily carried,
and Parents blinded so, but the're serued right
that haue two Eyes, and were so dull a sight.

T.I. Thy doome take hold of thee.

Tell. To morrow noone shall shew your Ring well done.

T.I. Being so 'tis soone, thankes, and your leaue sweet
Gentlewoman. *Exit.*

Moll. Sir you are well-come.

O were I made of wishes, I went with thee.

Tell. Come now we'le see how the rules goe within.

Moll. That robs my Ioy, there I loose all I win. *Exit.*

Enter Dany and All-wit seuerally.

Dan. Honestie wash my Eyes, I haue spy'd a Witall.

All. What *Dany Dabanna*, well-come from North
I faith, and is *S^r Walter* come? *(Wales)*

Dan. New come to Towne Sir.

All. Into the Mayds sweet *Dany*, and giue order his
Chamber be made ready instantly, my Wife's as great as
she can wallow *Dany*, and longs for nothing but pickled
Concombers, and his comming, and now she shall ha'te
Boy.

Dan. She's sure of them Sir.

All. Thy verie sight will hold my Wife in pleasure,
till the Knight come himselfe. Go in, in, in *Dany.* *Exit.*
The Founders come to Towne, I am like a Man
finding a Table furnish't to his hand,
as mine is still to me, prayes for the Founder,
blessed the right Worshipfull, the good Founders life.
I thanke him, h'as maintain'd my House this ten yeeres,
not onely keeps my Wife, but a keeps me,
and all my Family, I am at his Table,
he gets me all my Children, and payes the Nurse,
monthly, or weekly, puts me to nothing,
rent, nor Church duties, not so much as the Scavenger,
the happiest state that euer Man was borne to.

I walke out in a morning, come to breake-fast,
Find excellent Cheere, a good Fier in Winter,
Looke in my Coale-house about Midsummer-ecue,
That's full, siue or sixe Chaldorne, new layd vp,
Looke in my backe yeard, I shall find a steeple
Made vp with Kentish Fagots, which o're-looks
The Water-House and the Wind-milles, I say nothing
But smile, and pin the doore, when she lyes in,
As now she's euen vpon the point of grunting,
A Lady lyes not in like her, there's her imbossings,
Embodrings, spanglings, and I know not what,
As if she lay with all the gaudy Shops
In *Gressams* Bursle about her, then her restoratiues,
Able to set vp a young Pothecarie,
And richly stocke, the Foreman of a Drug-shop.
Her Sugar by whole Loaves, her Wines by Rundlets.
I see these things, but like a happy Man,
I pay for none at all, yet Fooles think's mine,
I haue the name, and in his Gold I shine.

And where some Merchants would in Soule kisse Hell,
To buy a Paradice for their Wiues, and dye
Their Conscience in the Bloods of prodigall Heires,
To decke their Night-peece, yet all this being done,
Eaten with ieaiousie to the inmost Bone,
As what affliction Nature more constraynes,
Then feed the Wife plumpe, for anothers veynes.

These torments stand I freed of, I am as cleere
From ieaiousie of a Wife, as from the charge.

O two miraculous blessings, 'tis the Knight
Hath tooke that labour, all out of my hands,
I may sit still and play, he's ieaious for me,
Watches her steps, sets spyes, I liue at ease,
He has both the cost and torment, when the strings
Of his Heart freats, I feed, laugh, or sing,
La dildo, dildo la dildo, la dildo dildo de dildo.

Enter two Servants.

- 1 What has he got a singing in his Head now ?
 2 Now's out of worke he falles to making *Dildo's*.
All. Now Sirs, *S^r Walters* come.
 1 Is our Master come ?
All. Your Master, what am I ?
 1 Doe not you know Sir ?
All. Pray am not I your Master ?
 1 O you are but our Mistresses Husband.

*Enter Sir Walter, and Dany.**All.* Ergo Knaue, your Master.

1 *Negatur argumentum.* Here comes *S^r Walter*, now a
 stands bare as well as we, make the most of him he's but
 one peepe about a Seruingman, and so much his Hornes
 make him.

S. Walt. How dost *Iacke* ?*All.* Proud of your Worships health Sir.*S. Walt.* How does your Wife ?*All.* Eene after your owne making Sir,
 She's a tumbler a faith, the Nose and Belly meets.*S. Walt.* The'ile part in time againe.*All.* At the good houre, they will and please your wor-
 ship.*S. Walt.* Here Sirra, pull off my Boots. Put on, but on
Iacke.*All.* I thanke your kind worship Sir.*S. Walt.* Slippers, Heart, you are sleepey.*All.* The game begins already.*S. Walt.* Pish, put on *Iacke*.*All.* Now I must doe it, or he'll be as angry now, as if
 I had put it on at first bidding, 'tis but obseruing, 'tis but
 obseruing a Mans humour once, and he may ha' him by the
 Nose all his life.
S. Walt.

S. Walt. What entertainment has layne open here,
No strangers in my absence?

I Seru. Sure Sir not any.

All. His ieaiousie begins, am not I happy now
That can laugh inward whil't his Marrow melts?

S. Walt. How doe you satisfie me?

I Ser. Good Sir be patient.

S. Walt. For two months absence I'le be satisfied.

I Ser. No liuing Creature entred.

S. Walt. Entred, come sweare.

I Ser. You will not heare me out Sir.

S. Walt. Yes I'le heare't out Sir.

I Seru. Sir he can tell himselfe.

S. Walt. Heart he can tell,

Doe you thinke I'le trust him? As a Vsurer
With forfeited Lordships. Him, o monstrous iniury!
Beleeue him, can the Diuell speake ill of Darkenesse?
What can you say Sir?

All. Of my soule and conscience Sir, she's a Wife as
honest of her Body to me, as any Lords proud Lady can
be.

S. Walt. Yet by your leaue, I heard you were once offering
to goe to bed to her.

All. No I protest Sir.

S. Walt. Heart if you doe, you shall take all, I'le marry.

All. O I beseech you Sir,

S. Walt. That wakes the Slaue, and keepes his Flesh in
awe.

All. I'le stop that gap
Where e're I find it open, I haue poysoned
His hopes in marriage already,
Some old rich Widdowes, and some landed Virgines,

Enter two Children.

And I'le fall to worke still before I'le lose him,
He's yet too sweet to part from.

1 *Boy.* God-den Father.

All. Ha Villaine, peace.

2 *Boy.* God-den Father.

All. Peace Bastard, should he heare 'em. These are two foolish Children, they doe not know the Gentleman that sits there.

S. Walt. Oh *Wat*, how dost *Nicke*? Goe to Schoole, Ply your Bookes Boyes, ha?

All. Where's your Legges Whore sons? They should kneele indeed if they could say their Prayers.

S. Walt. Let me see, stay,
How shall I dispose of these two Brats now
When I am married, for they must not mingle
Amongst my Children that I get in Wedlocke,
'Twill make foule worke that, and rayse many stormes.
I'll bind *Wat* Prentice to a Goldsmith, my Father *Yellowb.*
As fit as can be. *Nick* with some Vintner, good, Goldsmith
And Vintner, there will be Wine in Boles I faith.

Enter Allwits Wife.

Wife. Sweet Knight
Welcome, I haue all my longings now in Towne,
Now well-come the good houre.

S. Walt. How cheeres my Mistris?

Wife. Made light some, eene by him that made me heauy.

S. Walt. Me thinkes she shewes gallantly, like a Moone
at full Sir.

All. True, and if she beare a Male child, there's the Man
in the Moone Sir.

S. Walt. 'Tis but the Boy in the Moone yet Goodman
Calfe.

All. There was a Man, the Boy had neuer beene there
else.

S. Walt. It shall be yours Sir.

All. No by my troth, I'll sweare it's none of mine, let
him that got it keepe it, thus doe I rid my selfe of feare,
Lye soft, sleepe hard, drinke Wine, and eat good cheere.

Actus

Actus Secundus.

Enter Tuchwood Senior, and his Wife.

wife. 'Twill be so tedious Sir to liue from you,
But that necessitie must be obeyed.

T.S. I would it might not Wife, the tediousnesse
Will be the most part mine, that vnderstand
The blessings I haue in thee, so to part
That driues the torment to a knowing Heart,
But as thou say'st, we must giue way to need
And liue awhile asunder, our desires
Are both too fruitfull for our barren fortunes.
How aduers runs the destiny of some Creatures,
Some onely can get riches and no Children,
We onely can get Children and no riches,
Then 'tis the prudents part to checke our willes,
And till our state rise, make our Bloods lye still.
'Life euerie yeere a Child, and some yeeres two,
Besides, drinkings abroad, that's neuer reckon'd,
This geere will not hold out. (House

Wife. Sir for a time, I'll take the curtesie of my Vnkles
If you be pleas'd to like on't, till prosperitie
Looke with a friendly Eye vpon our states.

T.S. Honest Wife I thanke thee, I ne're knew
The perfect treasure thou brought'st with thee more
Then at this instant minute. A Man's happy
When he's at poorest that has match't his Soule
As rightly as his Body. Had I married
A sensuall Foole now, as 'tis hard to scape it
'Mongst Gentlewomen of our time, she would ha' hang'd.
About my Necke, and neuer left her hold.
Till she had kist me into wanton businesses,
Which at the waking of my better Iudgement

14 *A Chast Mayd in Cheape-side.*

I should haue curst most bitterly,
And layd a thicker vengeance on my act
Then miserie of the Birth, which were enough
If it were borne to greatnesse, whereas mine
Is sure of beggerie, though it were got in Wine.
Fulnesse of loy sheweth the goodnesse in thee,
Thou art a matchlesse Wife, Farwell my loy.

Wife. I shall not want your sight?

T.S. I'll see thee often,
Talke in mirth, and play at kisses with thee,
Any thing Wench but what may beget Beggars,
There I giue o're the Set, throw downe the Cards,
And dare not take them vp.

Wife. Your will be mine Sir.

Exit.

T.S. This does not onely make her honestie perfect,
But her discretion, and approues her Iudgement.
Had her desire beene wanton, they'd beene blamelesse
In being lawfull euer, but of all Creatures
I hold that Wife a most vnmatched treasure,
That can vnto her fortunes fixe her pleasure,
And not vnto her Blood, this is like wedlocke,
The feast of marriage is not Lust but Loue,
And care of the estate, when I please Blood,
Meerely I sing, and sucke out others, then
'Tis many a wisemans fault, but of all Men
I am the most vnfortunate in that game
That euer pleas'd both Genders, I ne're play'd yet
Vnder a Bastard, the poore Wenches curse me
To the Pit where e're I come, they were ne're serued so,
But vs'd to haue more words then one to a bargaine,
I haue such a fatall Finger in such businesse
I must forth with't, chiefly for Courtrey Wenches,
For cuerie Haruest I shall hinder Hay-making,

Enter a Wench with a Child.

I had no lesse then seuen lay in last Progressse,
Within three weekes of one anothers time.

Wench

Wench. O Snaphance, haue I found you.

T.S. How Snaphance?

Wench. Doe you see your workemanship,
Nay turne not from it, nor offer to escape, for if you doe,
I'll cry it through the Streets, and follow you.

Your name may well be called *Tuchwood*, a Pox on you,
You doe but touch and take, thou hast vndone me,
I was a Mayd before, I can bring a Certificate for it,
From both the Church-Wardens.

T.S. I'll haue the Parsons Hand too, or I'll not yeeld
to't.

Wench. Thou shalt haue more thou Villaine, nothing
griues me, but *Ellen* my poore cousen in Darbishiere, thou
hast crack't her marriage quite, she'll haue a bout with
thee.

T.S. Faith when she will I'll haue a bout with her.

Wench. A Law bout Sir I meane.

T.S. True, Lawyers vse such bouts as other Men doe,
And if that be all thy grieffe, I'll tender her a Husband,
I keepe of purpose two or three Gulls in pickle
To eat such Mutton with, and she shall chuse one.
Doe but in courtesie faith Wench excuse me,
Of this halfe yeard of Flesh, in which I thinke it wants
A Nayle or two.

Wench. No, thou shalt find Villaine
It hath right shape, and all the Nayles it should haue.

T.S. Faith I am poore, doe a charitable deed Wench,
I am a younger Brother, and haue nothing.

Wench. Nothing, thou hast too much thou lying villaine
Vnlesse thou wert more thankefull.

T.S. I haue no dwelling,
I brake vp House but this morning, Pray thee pittie me;
I am a good Fellow, faith haue beene too kind
To people of your Gender, if I ha'te
Without my Belly, none of your Sexe shall want it,
That word has beene of force to moue a Woman.
There's trickes enough to rid thy Hand on't Wench,

Some

Some rich-mans Porch, to morrow before day,
 Or else anone i'the euening, twentie deuises,
 Here's all I haue, I faith, take purse and all,
 And would I were rid of all the Ware i'the Shop so.

Wench. Where I find manly dealings I am pitifull,
 This shall not trouble you.

T.S. And I protest Wench, the next I'll keepe my
 selfe.

Wench. Soft, let it be got first.

This is the fift, if e're I venture more (*Exit.*)
 Where I now goe for a Mayd, may I ride for a Whore.

T.S. what shift shele make now with this peece of flesh
 In this strict time of Lent, I cannot imagine,
 Flesh dare not peepe abroad now, I haue knowne
 This Citie now about this seuen yeers,
 But I protest in better state of gouernement,
 I neuer knew it yet, nor euer heard of,
 There has beene more religious wholesome Lawes
 In the halfe cirkle of a yeere erected
 For common good, then memorie euer knew of,

Enter Sir Oliuer Kix, and his Lady.

Setting apart corruption of Promoters,
 And other poysonous Officers that infect
 And with a venemous breath taint euerie goodnesse.

Lady. O that e're I was begot, or bred, or borne.

S.Ol. Be content sweet Wife.

T.S. What's here to doe now?

I hold my life she's in deepe passion
 For the imprisonment of Veale and Mutton
 Now kept in Garets, weepes for some Calues Head now,
 Me thinkes her Husbonds Head might serue with Bacon.

Enter Tuckwood Iunior.

Lady. Hift.

S. Oliuer

S.Ol. Patience sweet Wife.!

T.I. Brother I haue sought you strangely.

T.S. Why what's the bulinesse?

T.I. With all speed thou canst procure a Licence for me.

T.S. How, a Licence?

T.I. Cuds-foot she's lost else, I shall misse her euer.

T.S. Nay sure thou shalt not misse so faire a marke,
For thirteene shillings foure pence.

T.I. Thanksby hundreds.

Exit.

S.Ol. Nay pray thee cease, I'le be at more cost yet,
Thou know 'st we are rich enough.

Lady. All but in blessings,
And there the Begger goes beyond vs. O,ô,ô,
To be seuen yeeres a Wife and not a Child, ô not a Child.

S.Ol. Sweet Wife haue patience.

Lady. Can any Woman haue a greater cut?

S.Ol. I know 'tis great, but what of that Wife?
I cannot doe with all, there's things making
By thine owne Doctors aduice at Poticaries,
I spare for nothing Wife, no if the price
Were fortie markes a spoone-full,
I'de giue a thousand pound to purchase fruitfulnessse,
'Tis but bating so many good workes
In the erecting of Bridewels and Spittle-houses,
And so fetch it vp againe, for hauing none
I meane to make good deeds my Children.

Lady. Giue me but those good deeds, and I'le find
Children.

S.Ol. Hang thee, thou hast had too many.

Lady. Thou ly'st breuitie.

S.Ol. O horrible, dar'st thou call me breuitie?
Dar'st thou be so short with me?

Lady. Thou deseruest worse.
Thinke but vpon the goodly Lands and Liuinges
That's kept backe through want on't.

S.Ol. Talke not on't pray thee,

D

Thou'lt

Thou'lt make me play the Woman, and weepe too.

Lady. 'Tis our dry barrenesse puffes vp *Sr Walter*,
None gets by your not-getting, but that Knight,
He's made by th' meanes, and fatts his fortunes, shortly
In a great Dowry with a Gold-Smiths Daughter.

S.Ol. They may be all decciued,
Be but you patient Wife.

Lady. I haue suffred a long time.

S.Ol. Suffer thy Heart out, a Poxe suffer thee.

Lady. Nay thee, thou desertlesse Slaue.

S.Ol. Come, come, I ha' done,
You'le to the Gossiping of *Mr Allwits* Child?

Lady. Yes, to my much ioy,
Euerie one gets before me, there's my Sister
Was married but at Bartholmew-ecce last,
And she can haue two Children at a birth,
O one of them, one of them would ha' seru'd my turne.

S.Ol. Sorrow consume thee, thou art still crossing me,
And know'ft my nature.

Enter a Mayd.

Mayd. O Mistris, weeping or rayling,
That's our House harmony.

Lady. What say'st *Iugg*?

Mayd. The sweetest newes.

Lady. What ist Wench?

Mayd. Throw downe your Doctors Drugges,
They're all but Heretikes, I bring certaine remedy
That has beene taught, and proued, and neuer say'd.

S.Ol. O that, that, that or nothing.

Mayd. There's a Gentleman,
I haply haue his Name too, that has got
Nine Children by one Water that he vseth,
It neuer misses, they come so fast vpon him,
He was faine to giue it ouer.

Lady. His name sweet *Iugg*?

Mayd.

Mayd. One Mr *Tuchwood*, a fine Gentleman,
But run behind-hand much with getting Children.

S.Ol. Ist possible?

Mayd. Why Sir, he'le vndertake,
Vsing that Water, within fiftene yeere,
For all your wealth, to make you a poore Man,
You shall so swarme with Children.

S.Ol. I'le venture that I faith.

Lady. That shall you Husband.

Mayd. But I must tell you first, he's very deere.

S.Ol. No matter, what serues wealth for?

Lady. True sweet Husband,
There's Land to come, Put case his Water stands me
In some five hundred pound a pint,
'Twill fetch a thousand, and a Kersten Soule.
I'le about it.
And that's worth all sweet Husband.

Exit.

Enter All-wit.

All. I'le goe bid Gossips presently my selfe,
That's all the worke I'le doe, nor need I stirre,
But that it is my pleasure to walke forth
And ayre my selfe a little, I am ty'd to nothing
In this businesse, what I doe is meere recreation,
Not constraint.
Here's running to and fro, Nurse vpon Nurse,
Three Chare women, besides maids & neighbors children.
Fye, what a trouble haue I rid my Hands on,
It makes me sweat to thinke on't.

Enter Sir Walter Whorehound.

S.Walt. How now *Iacke*?

All. I am going to bid Gossips for your W^{ps} child Sir,
A goodly Girle I faith, giue you ioy on her,
She looks as if she had two thousand pound to her portion

Enter Dry Nurse.

And run away with a Taylor, A fine plumpe black ei'd slut,
 Vnder correction Sir,
 I take delight to see her : Nurse.

Nurse Doe you call Sir ?*Exit.**All.* I call not you, I call the Wet Nurse hither,*Enter Wet Nurse.*

Giue me the wet Nurse, I 'tis thou,
 Come hither, come hither,
 Lets see her once againe, I cannot chuse
 But busse her thrice an hower.

Nurse You may be proud on't Sir,
 'Tis the best peece of worke that e're you did.

All. Think'st thou so Nurse, What sayest to *War* and
Nicke ?

Nurse They're pretie children both, but here's a wench
 Will be a knocker.

All. Pup say'st thou me so, pup little Countesse,
 Faith Sir I thanke your Worshipp for this Girle,
 Ten thousand times, and vpward.

S. Walt. I am glad I haue her for you Sir.

All. Here take her in Nurse, wipe her, and giue her
 Spooone-meat.

Nurse Wipe your Month Sir. *Exit.**All.* And now about these Gossips.*S. Walt.* Get but two, I'll stand for one my selfe.*All.* To your owne Child Sir ?

S. Walt. The better pollicie, it preuents suspicion,
 'Tis good to play with rumor at all weapons.

All. Troth I commend your care Sir, 'tis a thing
 That I should ne're haue thought on.

S. Walt. The more Slaue,
 When Man turnes base, out goes his Soules pure flame,
 The fat of ease o're-throwes the eyes of shame.

All.

All. I am studying who to get for Godmother
Sutable to your Worship, Now I ha' thought on't.

S.Walt. I'll ease you of that care, and please my selfe in't
My Loue the Goldsmithes Daughter, if I send,
Her Father will command her, *Dauy Dahumma.*

Enter Dauy.

All. I'll fit your Worship then with a Male Partner.

S.Walt. What is he?

All. A kind proper Gentleman, Brother to M^r *Tuch-*
wood.

S.Walt. I know *Tuchwood*, has he a Brother liuing?

All. A neat Batchelor.

S.Walt. Now we know him, we'll make shift with him
Dispatch the time drawes neere, Come hither *Dauy.* *Exit*

All. In troth I pittie him, he ne're stands still,
Poore Knight what paines he takes, sends this way one,
That way another, has not an houres leasure,
I would not haue thy toyle, for all thy pleasure,

Enter two Promoters.

Ha, how now, what are these that stand so close
At the Street-corner, pricking vp their Eares,
And snuffing vp their Noses, like rich-mens Dogges
When the first Course goes in? By the masse Promoters,
'Tis so I hold my life, and planted there
To arrest the dead Corps of poore Calues and Sheepe,
Like rauenous Creditors, that will not suffer
The Bodyes of their poore departed Debtors
To goe to th' graue, but eene in Death to vex
And stay the Corps, with Billes of Middlesex,
This Lent will fat the whorefons vp with Sweetbreds,
And lard their whores with Lambe-stones, what their gold
Can clutch, goes presently to their *Mols* and *Dols*,
The Bawds will be so fat with what they earne,

Their Chins will hang like Vdders, by Easter-eue,
And being stroak't, will giue the Milke of Witches,
How did the Mungrels heare my wife lyes in?

Well, I may baffle 'em gallantly, By your fauour Gentlemen
I am a stranger both vnto the Citie,
And to her carnall stricktnesse.

1 *Prom.* Good, Your will Sir?

All. Pray tell me where one dwells that kils this Lent.

1 *Prom.* How kils? Come hither *Dicke*,

A Bird, a Bird.

2 *Prom.* What ist that you would haue?

All. Faith any Flesh,

But I long especially for Veale and Greene-sauce.

1 *Prom.* Greene-Goose, you shall be sau'd.

All. I haue halfe a scornefull stomacke, no Fish will be
admitted.

1 *Prom.* Not this Lent Sir?

All. Lent, what cares Colon here for Lent?

1 *Prom.* You say well Sir,

Good reason that the Colon of a Gentleman
As you were lately pleas'd to terme your worship Sir,
Should be fulfill'd with answerable food,
To sharpen Blood, delight Health, and tickle Nature,
Were you directed hither to this Street Sir?

All. That I was, I marry.

2 *Prom.* And the Butcher belike

Should kill, and sell close in some vpper Roome?

All. Some Apple-loft as I take it, or a Cole-house,
I know not which I faith.

2 *Prom.* Either will serue,

This Butcher shall kisse Newgate, lesse he turne vp the
Bottome of the Pocket of his Apron,
You goe to seeke him?

All. Where you shall not find him,
He buy, walke by your Noses with my Flesh,
Sheepe-biting Mungrels, Hand-basket Free-booters,
My Wife lyes in, a footra for Promoters.

Exit

1 *Promoter*

A Chast Mayd in Cheape-side.

23

1 *Prom.* That shall not serue your turn, what a Rogue's this, how cunningly he came ouer vs?

Enter a Man with Meatin a Basket.

2 *Prom.* Hush, stand close.

Man I haue scap't well thus farre, they say the Knaues are wondrous hot and busie.

1 *Prom.* By your leaue Sir,
We must see what you haue vnder your Cloake there.

Man Haue? I haue nothing.

1 *Prom.* No, doe you tell vs that, what makes this lumpe sticke out then, we must see Sir.

Man What will you see Sir, a paire of Sheets, and two of my Wiues foule Smocks, going to the Washers?

2 *Prom.* O we loue that fight well, you cannot please vs better :What doe you gull vs, call you these Shirts and Smockes?

Man Now a Poxe choake you,
You haue cozend me and fiew of my Wiues kinred
Of a good Dinner, we must make it vp now
With Herrings and Milke-potage.

Exit

1 *Prom.* 'Tis all Veale.

2 *Prom.* All Veale, Poxe the worse lucke, I promis'd faithfully to send this morning a fat quarter of Lambe, to a kind Gentlewoman in Turnebull street that longs, and how I'me crost.

1 *Prom.* Let's share this, and see what hap comes next then.

Enter another with a Basket.

2 *Prom.* Agreed, stand close againe, another bootie, What's he?

1 *Prom.* Sir, by your fauour.

Man Meaning me Sir?

1 *Prom.* Good M^r Olinar, cry thee mercie, I faith.

What

What hast thou there?

Man. A Racke of Mutton Sir, and halfe a Lambe,
You know my Mistrisses dyet.

1 *Prom.* Goe, goe, we see thee not, away, keepe close,
Heart let him passe, thou'lt neuer haue the wit
To know our benefactors.

2 *Prom.* I haue forgot him.

1 *Prom.* 'Tis *M. Beggierlands* man the wealthy Merchant
That is in fee with vs.

2 *Prom.* Now I haue a feeling of him.

1 *Prom.* You know he purchast the whole Lent together
Gaue vs ten groats a peece on Ash-wensday.

2 *Prom.* True, true.

*Enter a Wench with a Basket, and a Child in it
under a Loyne of Mutton.*

1 *Prom.* A Wench.

2 *Prom.* Why then stand close indeed.

Wench. Women had need of wit, if they'le shift here,
And she that hath wit, may shift any-where.

1 *Prom.* Looke, looke, poore Foole,
She has left the Rump vncouer'd too,
More to betray her, this is like a Murderer,
That will out-face the deed with a bloody Band.

2 *Prom.* What time of the yeere ist Sister?

Wench. O sweet Gentlemen, I am a poore Seruant,
Let me goe.

1 *Prom.* You shall Wench, but this must stay with vs.

Wench. O you vndoe me Sir,
'Tis for a welthy Gentlewoman that takes Physicke Sir,
The Doctor do's allow my Mistris Mutton,
O as you tender the deere life of a Gentlewoman,
I'le bring my Master to you, he shall shew you
A true authoritie from the higher powers,
And I'le run euerie foot.

2 *Prom.* Well, leaue your Basket then,

And

And run and spare not.

Wench. Will you sweare then to me,
To keepe it till I come.

1 Prom. Now by this light I will.

Wench. What say you Gentleman?

2 Prom. What a strange Wench 'tis?
Would we might perish else.

Wench. Nay then I run Sir.

Exit

1 Prom. And ne're returne I hope.

2 Prom. A politike Baggage,
She makes vs sweare to keepe it,
I prethe looke what market she hath made.

1 Prom. Imprimis Sir, a good fat Loyne of Mutton,
What comes next vnder this Cloath?
Now for a quarter of Lambe.

2 Prom. Not for a Shoulder of Mutton.

1 Prom. Done.

2 Prom. Why done Sir.

1 Prom. By the masse I feele I haue lost,
'Tis of more weight I faith.

2 Prom. Some Loyne of Veale?

1 Prom. No faith, here's a Lambes Head,
I feele that plainly, why yet win my wager.

2 Prom. Ha?

1 Prom. Swounds what's here?

2 Prom. A Child.

1 Prom. A Poxe of all dissembling cunning Whores.

2 Prom. Here's an vn lucky Breakefast.

1 Prom. What shal's doe?

2 Prom. The Queane made vs sweare to keepe it too.

1 Prom. We might leaue it else.

2 Prom. Villanous strange,
'Life had she none to gull, but poore Promoters,
That watch hard for a liuing.

1 Prom. Halfe our gettings must run in Suger-sops,
And Nurses wages now, besides many a pound of Sope,
And Tallow, we haue need to get Loynes of Mutton still,

To saue Suet to change for Candles.

2 *Prom.* Nothing mads me, but this was a Lambe head with you, you felt it, she has made Calues heads of vs.

1 *Prom.* Prethe no more on't,
There's time to get it vp, it is not come
To Mid-Lent Sunday yet.

2 *Prom.* I am so angry, I'll watch no more to day.

1 *Prom.* Faith nor I neither.

2 *Prom.* Why then I'll make a motion.

1 *Prom.* Well, what ist?

2 *Prom.* Let's e'ne goe to the Checker at Queene-hiue and rost the Loyne of Mutton, till young Flood, then send the Child to Branford.

Enter Allwit in one of Sir Walters Sutes, and Dany trussing him.

All. 'Tis a busie day at our House *Dany.*

Dany Alwayes the Kurlning day Sir.

All. Trusse, trusse me *Dany.*

Dany No matter and you were hang'd Sir.

All. How do's this Sute fit me *Dany?*

Dany Excellent neatly, my Masters things were euer fit for you Sir, e'ne to a Haire you know.

All. Thou hast hit it right *Dany,*

We euer iumpt in one, this ten yeeres *Dany,*

Enter a Seruant with a Box.

So well said, what art thou?

Seru. Your Comfit-makers Man Sir.

All. O sweet youth, into the Nurse quicke,
Quicke, 'tis time I faith,
Your Mistris will be here?

Seru. She was setting forth Sir.

Enter.

Enter two Puritans.

All. Here comes our Gossips now, O I shall haue such kissing worke to day, Sweet Mistris *Underman* welcome I faith.

1 *Pur.* Giue you ioy of your fine Girl Sir,
Grant that her education may be pure,
And become one of the faithfull.

All. Thankes to your Sisterly wishes M^r *Underman*.

2 *Pur.* Are any of the Brethrens Wiues yet come?

All. There are some Wiues within, and some at home.

1 *Pur.* Verily thankes Sir.

Exit

All. Verily you are an Assie forsooth,
I must sit all these times, or there's no Musicke,

Enter two Gossips.

Here comes a friendly and familier payer,
Now I like these Wenches well.

1 *Goss.* How do'st firra?

All. Faith well I thanke you Neighbor, and how do'st thou?

2 *Goss.* Want nothing, but such getting Sir as thine.

All. My gettings wench, they are poore.

1 *Goss.* Fye that thou'lt say so,
Th'ast as fine Children as a Man can get.

Dany. I as a Man can get,
And that's my Master.

All. They are pretie foolish things,
Put to making in minutes,
I ne're stand long about 'em,
Will you walke in Wenches?

E 2

Enter

Enter Tuchwood Junior, and Moll.

T.I. The hapieſt meeting that our ſoules could wiſh for
Here's the Ring ready, I am beholding vnto your Fathers
haſt, h'as kept his howre.

Moll. He neuer kept it better.

Enter Sir Walter Whorehound.

T.I. Backe, be ſilent.

S.Walt. Miſtris and Partner, I will put you both into
one Cup.

Dary Into one Cup, moſt proper,
A fitting complement for a Gold-smiths Daughter.

All. Yes Sir, that's he muſt be your Worſhips Partner
In this dayes buſineſſe, Mr *Tuchwoods* Brother.

S.Walt. I embrace your acquaintance Sir.

T.I. It vowes your ſervice Sir.

S.Walt. It's neere high time, come Mr *All-wit*.

All. Ready Sir.

S.Walt. Wil't pleaſe you walke?

T.I. Sir I obey your time.

*Exit**Enter Midwife with the Child, and the Goſſips to the
Kurfning.*

I Goſſ. Good Mrs *Yellowhammer*.

Maudl. In faith I will not.

I Goſſ. Indeed it ſhall be yours

Maudl. I haue ſworne I faith.

I Goſſ. I'll ſtand ſtill then.

Maudl. So will you let the Child goe without company
And make me forſworne.

I Goſſ. You are ſuch another Creature.

2 Goſſ. Before me, I pray come downe a little.

3 Goſſ. Not a whit, I hope I know my place.

2 Goſſip

2 *Goff.* Your piace, great wonder sure, are you any better
then a Comfit-ma-lers wife.

3 *Goff.* And that's as good at all times as a Pothicaries.

2 *Goff.* Ye lye, yet I forbear you too.

1 *Par.* Come sweet Sister, we goe in vnitie, and shew
the fruits of peace like Children of the Spirit.

2 *Par.* I loue lowlineffe.

4 *Goff.* True, so say I, though they striue more,
There comes as proud behind, as goes before.

5 *Goff.* Euerie inch I faith.

Exit

Actus Tertius.

Enter Tuchwood Iunior, and a Parson.

T.I. O Sir, if euer you felt the force of loue, pittie it
in me.

Par. Yes, though I ne're was married Sir,
I haue felt the force of loue from good mens daughters,
And some that will be Mayds yet three yeeres hence.
Haue you got a Licence?

T.I. Here 'tis ready Sir.

Par. That's well.

T.I. The Ring and all things perfect, she'le steale hither.

Par. She shall be welcome Sir, I'le not be long
A clapping you together.

Enter Moll, and Tuchwood Senior.

T.I. O here she's come Sir.

Par. What's he?

T.I. My honest Brother.

T.S. Quicke, make hast Sirs.

Moll. You must dispatch with all the speed you can,
For I shall be mist straight, I made hard shift

For this small time I haue.

Par. Then I'll not linger,
Place that Ring vpon her Finger,
This the Finger playes the part,
Whose master Veine shoots from the Heart,
Now ioyne Hands.

Enter Yellow-hammer, and Sir Walter.

Yell. Which I will seuer,
And so ne're againe meet neuer.

Moll. O we are betray'd.

T.I. Hard fate.

S.Walt. I am strucke with wonder.

Yell. Was this the politike fetch, thou mistickall baggage
Thou disobedient strumpet,
And were so wise to send for her to such an end,

S.Walt. Now I disclaime the end, you'll make me mad.

Yell. And what are you Sir?

T.I. And you cannot see with those two Glasses, put on
a paire more.

Yell. I dreamt of anger still, here take your Ring Sir,
Ha this, life 'tis the same, abhominable,
Did not I sell this Ring?

T.I. I thinke you did, you receiued money for't.

Yell. Heart, harke you Knight,
Here's no inconfcionable villany,
Set me a worke to make the Wedding Ring,
And come with an intent to steale my Daughter,
Did euer run-a-way match it?

S.Walt. 'This your Brother Sir?

T.S. He can tell that as well as I.

Yell. The verie Poesie mockes me to my face,
Loue that's wise, blinds Parents eyes,
I thanke your wisdome Sir for blinding of vs,
We haue good hope to recouer our fight shortly,
In the meane time I will locke vp this baggage,

As carefully as my Gold, she shall see as little Sunne
If a close Roome or so can keepe her from the light on't.

Moll. O sweet Father, for Loues sake pittie me.

Tell. Away.

Moll. Farewell Sir, all content blesse thee,
And take this for comfort,
Though violence keepe me, thou canst loose me neuer,
I am euer thine although we part for euer.

Tell. I we shall part you Minkes. *Exit*

S.Walt. Your acquaintance Sir, came verie lately,
Yet it came too soone,
I must here-after know you for no friend,
But one that I must shun like Pestilence,
Or the Disease of Lust.

T.I. Like enough Sir, you ha' tane me at the worst time
for words that e're ye pick't out, faith doe not wrong me
Sir. *Exit*

T.S. Looke after him and spare not, there he walkes
That neuer yet receiued baffling, you'r blest.
More then e're I knew, goe take your rest. *Exit*

S.Walt. I pardon you, you are both loosers. *Exit*

*A Bed thrust out upon the Stage, Alhwits Wife in it,
Enter all the Gossips.*

1 *Goss.* How ist Woman, we haue brought you home.
A Kurfen Soule.

Wife. I, I thanke your paines.

Par. And verily well kurfend, i'the right way,
Without Idolatry or Superstition,
After the pure manner of Amsterdam.

Wife. Sit downe good Neighbour, Nurse.

Nurse At hand forsooth.

Wife. Looke they haue all low stooles.

Nurse They haue forsooth.

2 *Goss.* Bring the Child hit her Nurse, how say you now
Gossip, ist not a chopping Girle, so like the Father?

3 *Gossip*

3 *Goss.* As if it had beene spit out of his Mouth,
Ey's, nos'd, and brow'd as like a Girle can be,
Onely indeed it has the Mothers Mouth.

2 *Goss.* The Mothers Mouth vp and downe, vp and downe.

3 *Goss.* 'Tis a large Child, she's but a little Woman.

Par. Nobeleeue me, a verie spynie Creature, but all hart,
Well metteld, like the faithfull to endure
Her tribulation here, and rayse vp seed.

2 *Goss.* She had a sore labour on't I warrant you, you can tell Neighbour.

3 *Goss.* O she had great speed;
We were afrayd once,

But she made vs all haue ioyfull hearts againe,
'Tis a good Soule I faith,

The Midwife found her a most cheerefull Daughter.

Par. 'Tis the spirit, the Sisters are all like her,

*Enter Sir Walter with two Spoones and Plate
and Allwit.*

2 *Goss.* O here comes the chiefe Gossip Neighbours.

S. Walt. The fatnesse of your wishes to you all Ladyes.

3 *Goss.* O deer sweet gentleman, what fine words he has
The fatnesse of our wishes.

2 *Goss.* Calles vs all Ladyes.

4 *Goss.* I promise you a fine Gentleman, and a courteous.

2 *Goss.* Me thinkes her Husband shewes like a Clowne
to him.

3 *Goss.* I would not care what Clowne my Husband
were too, so I had such fine Children.

2 *Goss.* She's all fine Children Gossip.

3 *Goss.* I, and see how fast they come.

Par. Children are blessings, if they be got with zeale,
By the Brethren, as I haue five at home.

S. Walt. The worst is past, I hope now Gossip!

Wife So I hope to good Sir.

Allwit

All. Why then so hope I too for company,
I haue nothing to doe else.

S.Walt. A poore remembrance Lady,
To the loue of the Babe, I pray accept of it.

Wife O you are at too much charge Sir.

2 Goss. Looke, looke, what has he giuen her, what ist
Gossip?

3 Goss. Now by my faith a faire high standing Cup, and
two great Postle Spoones, one of them gilt.

1 Pur. Sure that was *Indas* then with the red Beard.

2 Pur. I would not feed my daughter with that spoone
for all the World, for feare of colouring her Heyre, Red
Hayre the Brethren like not, it consumes them much, 'tis
not the Silters colour.

Enter Nurse with Comfits and Wine.

All. Well said Nurse,
About, about with them amongst the Gossips,
Now out comes all the tasseld Handkerchers,
They are spred abroad betweene their Knees already,
Now in goes the long Fingers that are wash't
Some thrice a day in Vrin, my Wife vses it,
Now we shall haue such pocketing,
See how they lurch at the lower end.

Pur. Come hither Nurse.

All. Againe, she has taken twice already.

Pur. I had forgot a Sisters Child that's sicke.

All. A Pox it seemes your purity loues sweet things well
that puts in thrice together, had this beene all my cost now
I had beene beggerd, these Women haue no consciences at
sweet meats, where e're they come, see and they haue not
culd out all the long Plumbes too, they haue left nothing
here but short riggle-tayle-Comfits, not worth mouthing,
no mar'le I heard a Citizen complaine once, that his Wiues
Belly onely broke his Backe: Mine had beene all in fitters
seuen yeeres since, but for this worthy Knight, that with a

prop vpholds my Wife and me, and all my estate buried in
Bucklers-berrie.

Wife. Here *Mrs Yellowhammer*, and Neighbours,
To you all that haue taken paines with me,
All the good Wiues at once.

Pur. I'll answer for them,
They wish all health and strength,
And that you may couragiously goe forward,
To performe the like and many such,
Like a true Sister with Motherly bearing.

All. Now the cups trole about to wet the gossips whistles.
It poures downe I faith, they neuer thinke of payment.

Pur. Fill againe Nurse.

All. Now blesse thee, two at once, I'll stay no longer,
It would kill me and if I pay'd for't,
Will it please you to walke downe and leaue the women.

S. Walt. With all my Heart *Iacke*.

All. Troth I cannot blame you.

S. Walt. Sit you all merry Ladyes.

All Goss. Thanke your Worshipp Sir.

Pur. Thanke your Worshipp Sir.

All. A Pox twice tipples ye, you are last & lowest. *Exit*

Pur. Bring hither that same Cup Nurse, I would faine
driue away this hup Antichristian griefe.

3 *Goss.* See Gossip and she lyes not in like a Countesse,
Would I had such a Husband for my Daughter.

4 *Goss.* Is not she toward marriage?

3 *Goss.* O no sweet Gossip.

4 *Goss.* Why she's nineteene?

3 *Goss.* I that she was last Lammas,
But she has a fault Gossip, a secret fault.

4 *Goss.* A fault, what is't?

3 *Goss.* I'll tell you when I haue drunke.

4 *Goss.* Wine can doe that I see, that friendship cannot.

3 *Goss.* And now I'll tell you Gossip, she's too free.

4 *Goss.* To free?

3 *Goss.* O I, she cannot lye dry in her Bed.

4 *Goss.* What, and nineteene?

3 *Goss.* 'Tis as I tell you Gossip.

Maudl. Speake with me Nurse, who ist?

Nurse A Gentleman from Cambridge,
I thinke it be your Sonne forsooth.

Maudl. 'Tis my Sonne *Tim* I faith,
Prethe call him vp among the Women,
'Twill imbolden him well,
For he wants nothing but audacitie,
'Would the Welch gentlewoman at home were here now.

Lady Is your Sonne come forsooth?

Maudl. Yes from the Vniuersitie forsooth.

Lady 'Tis great ioy on yee.

Maudl. There's a great marriage towards for him.

Lady A marriage?

Maudl. Yes sure, a hughe Heire in Wales,
At least to nineteene Mountaines,
Besides her Goods and Cattell.

Enter Tim.

Tim. O, I'me betray'd.

Exie

Maudl. What gone againe, run after him good Nurse,
He's so bashfull, that's the spoyle of youth,
In the Vniuersitie they're kept still to Men,
And ne're trayn'd vp to Womens company.

Lady 'Tis a great spoyle of youth indeed.

Enter Nurse and Tim.

Nurse Your Mother will haue it so.

Maudl. Why Sonne, why *Tim*,
What must I rise and fetch you? For shame Sonne.

Tim. Mother you doe intreat like a fresh Woman,
'Tis against the Lawes of the Vniuersitie,
For any that has answered vnder Batchelor
To thrust 'mongst married Wiues.

Maudl. Come we'll excuse you here.

Tim. Call vp my Tutor Mother, and I care not.

Maudl. What is your Tutor come, haue you brought him vp?

Tim. I ha' not brought him vp, he stands at dore,
Negator, there's Logicke to begin with you Mother.

Maudl. Run call the gentleman nurse, he's my sons tutor
Here eat some Plumbes.

Tim. Come I from Cambridge, and offer me six plumbes?

Maudl. Why how now *Tim*,
Will not your old trickes yet be left?

Tim. Seru'd like a Child,
When I haue answer'd vnder Batcheler?

Maudl. You'll neuer lin till I make your Tutor whip
you, you know how I seru'd you once at the Free Schoole
in Pauls Church-yard?

Tim. O monstrous absurditie,
Ne're was the like in Cambridge since my time,
'Life whip a Batcheler, yow'd be laught at soundly,
Let not my Tutor heare you,
'Twould be a Iest through the whole Vniuersitie,
No more words Mother.

Enter Tutor.

Maudl. Is this your Tutor *Tim*?

Tut. Yes surely Lady, I am the man that brought him
in League with Logicke, and red the Dunces to him.

Tim. That did he Mother, but now I haue 'em all in my
owne Pate, and can as well read 'em to others.

Tut. That can he Mistris, for they flow naturally from
him.

Maudl. I'me the more beholding to your paynes Sir.

Tut. *Non ideo faue.*

Maudl. True, he was an Ideot indeed,
When he went out of London, but now he's well mended,
Did you receiue the two Goose-pies I sent you?

Tutor

Tut. And eat them hartely, thanks to your Worship.

Mandl. 'Tis my Sonne *Tim*, I pray bid him welcome Gentlewomen.

Tim. *Tim*, harke you *Timothius* Mother, *Timothius*.

Mandl. How, shall I deny your Name? *Timothius* quoth he? Faith there's a name, 'tis my Sonne *Tim* forsooth.

Lady You're welcome Mr *Tim*.

Kisse

Tim. O this is horrible, she wets as she kisses, Your Handkercher sweet Tutor, to wipe them off, as fast as they come on.

2 *Goff.* Welcome from Cambridge.

Kisse

Tim. This is intollerable, This woman has a villanous sweet breath, did she not stinke of Cornfits, Helpe me sweet Tutor, or I shall rub my Lips off.

Tut. I'll goe kisse the lower end the while.

Tim. Perhaps that's the sweeter, and we shall dispatch the sooner.

Pur. Let me come next, Welcome from the Wellspring of discipline, that waters all the Brethren.

Reels & fals

Tim. Hoyst I beseech thee.

3 *Goff.* O bleste the Woman, Mr *Vnderman*.

Pur. 'Tis but the common affliction of the faithfull, We must embrace our falles.

Tim. I'me glad I scap't it, it was some rotten kisse sure, It dropt downe before it came at me.

Enter Allwit, and Dany.

All. Here's a noyfe, not parted yet?

Hyda, a Looking-glasse, they haue drunke so hard in Plate, That some of them had need of other Vessels, Yonder's the brauest Shew.

All Goff. Where? Where Sir?

All. Come along presently by the Pissing-conduit, With two braue Drums and a Standert-bearer.

All Goff. O Braue.

Tim. Come Tutor.

Exit

All Goss. Parwell sweet Gossip.

Exit

Wife I thanke you all for your paynes.

Pur. Feed and grow strong.

Exit

All. You had more need to sleepe then eat,
Goe take a nap with some of the Brethren, goe,
And rise vp a well edified, boldified Sister,
O here's a day of toyle well past o're,
Able to make a Citizen Hare mad, (Bums,
How hot they haue made the Roome with their thicke
Do'st not feele it *Dany*?

Dan. Monstrous strong Sir.

All. What's here vnder the Stooles?

Dan. Nothing but wet Sir, some Wine spilt here be-
like.

All. Ist no worse think'st thou?

Faire Needle worke Stooles, cost nothing with them *Dany*

Dan. Nor you neither I faith.

All. Eooke how they haue layd them,
Ee'ne as they lye themselues, with their Heeles vp,
How they haue shuffled vp the Rushes too *Dany*
With their short figging little shittle-corke-heels,
These Women can let nothing stand as they find it,
But what's the secret thou'st about to tell me
My honest *Dany*?

Dan. If you should disclose it Sir.

All. Life rip my Belly vp to the Throat then *Dany*.

Dan. My Master's vpon Marriage.

All. Marriage *Dany*, send me to hanging rather.

Dan. I haue stong him.

All. When, where, what is she *Dany*?

Dan. E'ne the same was Gossip, and gaue the Spooone.

All. I haue no time to stay, nor scarce can speake,
I'll stop those wheelles, or all the worke will breake. *Exit*

Dan. I knew 'twold pricke, Thus doe I fashion still
All mine owne ends by him and his ranke toyle,
'Tis my desire to keepe him still from marriage,

Being

Being his poore neereſt Kinsman, I may ſare
The better at his death, there my hopes build
Since my Lady *Kixe* is dry, and hath no Child.

Exit

Enter both the Tuckwoods.

T.I. Y'are in the happieſt way to enrich your ſelfe,
And pleaſure me Brother, as Mans feet can tread in,
For though ſhe be lock't vp, her vow is fix't onely to me,
Then time ſhall neuer grieue me, for by that vow,
E'ne abſent inioy her, aſſuredly confirm'd that none
Elſe ſhall, which will make tedious yeeres ſeeme gamefull
To me, In the meane ſpace loſe you no time ſweet brother,
You haue the meanes to ſtrike at this Knights fortunes,
And lay him leuell with his bankrout merit,
Get but his Wife with Child, perch at tree top,
And ſhake the golden fruit into her Lap,
About it before ſhe weepe her ſelfe to a dry ground,
And whine out all her goodneſſe.

T.S. Prethe ceaſe, I find a too much aptneſſe in my blood
For ſuch a buſineſſe without prouocation,
You might well ſpar'd this banket of Oringoes,
Hartechokes, Potatoes, and your butter'd Crabbe,
They were fitter kept for your owne wedding dinner.

T.I. Nay and you'le follow my ſuit, & ſaue my purſe too
Fortune doats on me, he's in happy caſe
Finds ſuch an honeſt friend i'the Common place.

T.S. Life what makes thee ſo merry? thou haſt no cauſe
That I could heare of lately ſince thy croſſes,
Vnleſſe there be newes come, with new additions.

T.I. Why there thou haſt it right,
I looke for her this Euening Brother.

T.S. How's that, looke for her?

T.I. I will deliuer you of the wonder ſtreight Brother,
By the firme ſecreſie, and kind aſſiſtance
Of a good Wench i'the Houſe, who made of pittie,
Welghing the caſe her owne, ſhe's lead through Gutters,
Strange

Strange hidden wayes, which none but Loue could find,
Or ha'tne Heart to venture, I expect her
Where you would little thinke.

T.S. I care not where, so she be safe, and yours.

T.I. Hope telles me so,

But from your loue and time my peace must grow. *Exit*

T.S. You know the worst then brother, now to my *Kix*
The barren he and she, they're i'the next Roome,
But to say which of their two humors hold them
Now at this instant, I cannot say truly.

S.Ol. Thou lyest Barrenesse. *Kix to his Lady within.*

T.S. O ist that time of day, giue you ioy of your tongue
There's nothing else good in you, this their life
The whole day from eyes open to eyes shut,
Kissing or scolding, and then must be made friends,
Then rayle the second part of the first fit out,
And then be pleas'd againe, no Man knowes which way,
Fall out like Giants, and fall in like Children,
Their Fruit can witnesse as much.

Enter Sir Oliuer Kix, and his Lady.

S.Ol. 'Tisthy fault.

Lady. Mine, Drouth and coldnesse?

S.Ol. Thine, 'tis thou art barren.

Lady. I barren, o life that I durst but speake now,
In mine owne Iustice, in mine owne Right, I barren,
'Twas otherwayes with me when I was at Court,
I was ne're call'd so till I was married.

S.Ol. I'le be deuorc't.

Lady. Be hang'd, I need not wish it,
That will come too soone to thee:
I may say, Marriage and hanging goes by destiny,
For all the goodnesse I can find in't yet.

S.Ol. I'le giue vp House, & keepe some fruitfull whore,
Like an old Batcheler in a Tradsmans Chamber,
She and her Children shall haue all.

Lady

Lady. Where be they?

T.S. Pray cease,
When there are friendlier courses tooke for you,
To get and multiply within your House,
At your owne proper costs in spite of censure,
Me thinks an honest peace might be establish't.

S.Ol. What with her? Neuer.

T.S. Sweet Sir.

S.Ol. You worke all in vaine.

Lady. Then he doth all like thee.

T.S. Let me intreat Sir.

S.Ol. Singleneffe confound her,
I tooke her with one Smocke.

Lady. But indeed you came not so single,
When you came from Shipboard.

S.Ol. Heart she bit sore there,
Prethe make's friends.

T.S. Itt come to that, the peale begins to cease.

S.Ol. I'll sell all at an Out-cry.

Lady. Doe thy worst Slaue,
Good sweet Sir bring vs into loue againe.

T.S. Some would thinke this impossible to compasse,
Pray let this storme fly ouer.

S.Ol. Good Sir pardon me, I'me Master of this House,
Which I'll sell presently, I'll clap vp Billes this Euening.

T.S. Lady friends come?

Lady. If e're ye lou'd Woman, talke not on't Sir,
what friends with him? good faith do you think I'me mad
with one that's scarce the hinder quarter of a Man?

S.Ol. Thou art nothing of a Woman.

Lady. Would I were lesse then nothing.

Weepes

S.Ol. Nay prethe what do'st meane?

Lady. I cannot please you.

S.Ol. I faith thou art a good Soule, he lyes that sayes it,
Busse, busse, pretie Rogue.

Lady. You care not for me.

T.S. Can any man tell now which way they came in?

By this light I'll be hang'd then.

S.Ol. Is the Drinke come?

T.S. Here's a little Viall of Almond-milke *Aside*
That stood ~~me~~ in some three pence.

S.Ol. I hope to see thee wench within these few yeeres,
Cirkled with Children, pranking vp a Girle,
And putting Jewels in their little Eares,
Fine sport I faith.

Lady I had you beene ought Husband,
It had beene done ere this time.

S.Ol. Had I bin ought, hang thee, had'st thou bin ought,
But a crosse thing I euer found thee.

Lady Thou art a Grub to say so.

S.Ol. A Pox on thee.

T.S. By this light they are out againe at the same dore,
And no Man can tell which way,
Come here's your Drinke Sir.

S.Ol. I will not take it now Sir,
And I were sure to get three Boyes ere Midnight. (com'st

Lady Why there thou shew'st now of what breed thou
To hinder generation, O thou Villaine,
That knowes how crookedly the World goes with vs,
For want of Heires, yet put by all good fortune.

S.Ol. Hang strumpet, I will take it now in spight.

T.S. Then you must ride vpon't fūe houres.

S.Ol. I meane so, Within there?

Enter a Seruant.

Serv. Sir?

S.Ol. Saddle the white Mare,
I'll take a Whore along, and ride to Ware.

Lady Ride to the Diuel.

S.Ol. I'll plague you euerie way,
Looke ye, doe you see, 'tis gone.

Lady A Pox goe with it.

S.Ol. I curse and spare not now.

Drinke

T.Senior

T.S. Stirre vp and downe sir, you must not stand.

S.Ol. Nay I'me not giuen to standing.

T.S. So much the better sir for the —

S.Ol. I neuer could stand long in one place yet,
I learnt it of my Father, ener figient,
How if I crost this Sir?

Capers

T.S. O passing good Sir, and would shew well a Horse-
backe: When you come to your Inne, If you leapt ouer
a ioynt-stoole or two, 'twere not amisse although you brake
your necke Sir.

Aside

S.Ol. What say you to a Table thus high Sir?

T.S. Nothing better Sir, if it be furnished with good
Victuals. You remember how the bargaine runs about this
businesse?

S.Ol. Or else I had a bad Head: you must receiue Sir
foure hundred pounds of me at foure seuerall payments:
One hundred pound now in hand.

T.S. Right, that I haue Sir.

S.Ol. Another hundred when my Wifes is quicke: the
third when she's brought a bed: and the last hundred when
the Child cries, For if it should be still borne, it doth no
good Sir.

T.S. All this is euen still, a little faster Sir.

S.Ol. Not a whit Sir,
I'me in an excellent pace for any Physicke,

Enter a Seruant.

Serv. Your white Mares ready.

S.Ol. I shall vp presently: One kisse, and farewell.

Lady Thou shalt haue two Loue.

S.Ol. Expect me about three.

Exit

Lady With all my Heart Sweet.

T.S. By this light they haue forgot their anger since,
And are as farre in againe as e're they were,
Which way the Diuell came they, Haart I saw 'em not,
Their wayes are beyond finding out. Come sweet Lady.

Lady How must I take mine Sir?

T.S. Cleane contrarie, yours must be taken lying.

Lady A Bed Sir?

T.S. A Bed, or where you will for your owne ease,
Your Coach will serue.

Lady The Physicke must needs please.

Exit

Actus Quartus.

Enter Tim and Tutor.

Tim. *Negatur argumentum Tutor.*

Tut. *Probo tibi Pupill, stultus non est animal rationale.*

Tim. *Falleris sane.*

Tut. *Quaeso ut taceas, probo tibi.*

Tim. *Quomodo probas domine.*

Tut. *Stultus non habet rationem, ergo non est animal rationale.*

Tim. *Sic argumentaris domine, stultus non habet rationem, ergo non est animal rationale, negatur argumentum agane Tutor.*

Tut. *Argumentum iterum probo tibi domine, qui non participat de ratione nullo modo potest vocari rationalibus, but stultus non participat de ratione, ergo stultus nullo modo potest dicere rationalis.*

Tim. *Participat.*

Tut. *Sic disputus, qui participat quomodo participat.*

Tim. *Ut homo, probabo tibi in silagismo.*

Tut. *Hunc proba.*

Tim. *Sic probo domine, stultus est homo sicut tu & ego sum, homo est animal rationale, sicut stultus est animal rationale.*

Enter

Enter Mandline.

Maudl. Here's nothing but disputing all the day long with 'em.

Tut. *Sic disputus, stultus est homo sicut tu & ego sum homo est animal rationale, sicut stultus est animal rationale.*

Maudl. Your reasons are both good what e're they be Pray giue them or'e, faith you'le tire your selues, What's the matter betweene you?

Tim. Nothing but reasoning about a Foole Mother.

Maudl. About a Foole Son, alas what need you trouble your heads about that, none of vs all but knowes what a Foole is.

Tim. Why what's a Foole Mother?
I come to you now.

Maudl. Why one that's married before he has wit.

Tim. 'Tis prettie I faith, and well guest of a Woman neuer brought vp at the Vniuersitie : but bring forth what Foole you will Mother, I'le proue him to be as reasonable a Creature, as my selfe or my Tutor here.

Maudl. Fye 'tis impossible.

Tut. Nay he shall do't forsooth.

Tim. 'Tis the easiest thing to proue a Foole by Logicke, By Logicke I'le proue any thing.

Maudl. What thou wilt not?

Tim. I'le proue a Whore to be an honest Woman.

Maudl. Nay by my faith, she must proue that her selfe, or Logicke will neuer do't.

Tim. 'Twill do't I tell you.

Maudl. Some in this Street would giue a thousand pounds that you could proue their Wiues so.

Tim. Faith I can, and all their Daughters too, though they had three Bastards. When comes your Taylor hither?

Maudl. Why what of him?

Tim. By Logicke I'le proue him to be a Man, Let him come when he will.

Maudl. How hard at first was Learning to him? Truly Sir I thought he would neuer a tooke the Latine Tongue. How many Accidences doe you thinke he wore out e're he came to his Grammer?

Tut. Some three or foure.

Maudl. Beleeue me Sir some foure and thirtie.

Tim. Pish I made haberdins of 'em in Church porches

Maudl. He was eight yeeres in his Grammer, and stucke horribly at a foolish place there call'd *Asse in presenti.*

Tim. Pox I haue it here now.

Maud. He so sham'd me once before an honest Gentleman that knew me when I was a Mayd

Tim. These women must haue all out.

Maudl. *Quid est Gramatica?* Sayes the Gentleman to him (I shall remember by a sweet sweet token) but nothing could he answer.

Tut. How now Pupill, ha, *Quid est Gramatica?*

Tim. *Grammatica?* Ha, ha, ha.

Maudl. Nay doe not laugh Sonne, but let me heare you say it now: There was one word went so prettily off the Gentlemans tongue, I shall remember it the longest day of my life.

Tut. Come, *Quid est Gramatica?*

Tim. Are you not asham'd Tutor, *Gramatica?* Why *Recte scribendi ars, loquendi ars*, ser-reuerence of my Mother.

Maudl. That was it I faith: Why now Sonne I see you are a deepe Scholler: And Mr Tutor a word I pray, let vs with-draw a little into my Husbands Chamber, I'll send in the North-Wales Gentlewoman to him, she lookes for wooing: I'll put together both, and locke the Dore.

Tut. I giue great approbation to your conclusion. *Exit*

Tim. I mar'le what this Gentlewoman should be, That I should haue in marriage, she's a stranger to me: I wonder what my Parents meane I faith, To match me with a stranger so:

A Mayd that's neither kisse nor kin to me:
 Life doe they thinke I haue no more care of my Body,
 Then to lye with one that I ne're knew,
 A meere stranger,
 One that ne're went to Schoole with me neither,
 Nor euer play-fellowes together,
 They'r mightily o're-seene in't me thinkes,
 They say she has Mountaines to her marriage,
 She's full of Cattell, some two thousand Runts,
 Now what the meaning of these Runts should be,
 My Tutor cannot tell me,
 I haue look't in *Riders* Dixcionarie for the Letter R,
 And there I can heare no tydings of these Runts neither,
 Vnlesse they should be Rumford Hogges,
 I know them not,

Enter Welch Gentlewoman.

And here she comes,
 If I know what to say to her now
 In the way of marriage, I'me no Graduate,
 Me thinkes I faith 'tis bouldly done of her
 To come into my Chamber being but a stranger,
 She shall not say I'me so proud yet, but I'll speake to her,
 Marry as I will order it,
 She shall take no hold of my words I'll warrant her,
 She lookes and makes a coursey,
Salve tu quoq, puella pulcherima,
Quid vis nescio nec sane curo,
 Tully's owne phrase to a Hart.

W.G. I know not what he meanes,
 A Sutor quoth a?
 I hold my life he vnderstands no English.

Tim. *Fertur me hercule tu virgo,*
Wallia ut opibus abundis maximis.

W.G. What's this *fertur* and *abundandis*?
 He mockes me sure, and calles me a bundle of Farts.

Tim.

Tim. I haue no Latine word now for their Runts, I'll make some shift or other : *Iterum dico opibus abundat maximis montibus & fontibus & ut ita dicam Rontibus, attamen vero homauculus ego sum natura simile arte bachalarum lecto profecto non parata.*

W.G. This is most strange, may be he can speake Welch, *Aueder a whee comrage, der due cog foginis.*

Tim. Cog foggin, I scorne to cog with her, I'll tell her so too in a word neere her owne Language : *Ego non cogo.*

W.G. *Rhegofin a whiggin harleron corid ambre.*

Tim. By my faith she's a good scholler, I see that already She has the Tongues plaine, I hold my life she has traueled, What will folkes say ? There goest the learned couple, Faith if the truth were knowne, she hath proceeded.

Enter Maudline.

Maudl. How now, how speeds your businesse ?

Tim. I'me glad my Mothers come to part vs.

Maudl. How doe you agree forsooth ?

W.G. As well as e're we did before we met.

Maudl. How's that ?

W.G. You put me to a Man I vnderstand not, Your Sonne's no English Man me thinkes.

Maudl. No English Man, blesse my Boy, And borne i'the Heart of London ?

W.G. I ha' been long enough in the chamber with him, And I find neither Welch nor English in him.

Maudl. Why *Tim*, how haue you vs'd the Gentlewoman ?

Tim. As well as a Man might doe Mother, in modest Latine.

Maudl. Latine Foole ?

Tim. And she recoyl'd in Hebrew :

Maudl. In Hebrew Foole ? 'Tis Welch.

Tim. All comes to one Mother.

Maudl. She can speake English too.

Tim

Tim. Who could me so much?

Heart and she can speake English, I'll clap to her,
I thought you'd marrie me to a stranger.

Maudl. You must forgiue him, he's so inur'd to Latin,
He and his Tutor, that he hath quite forgot
To vse the Protestant tongue.

W.G. 'Tis quickly pardon'd forsooth.

Maudl. *Tim* make amends and kisse her,
He makes towards you forsooth.

Tim. O delicious, one may discouer her Countrey by her
kissing, 'Tis a true saying, there's nothing tastes so sweet as
your Welch Mutton: It was reported you could sing.

Maudl. O rarely *Tim*, the sweetest British Songs.

Tim. And 'tis my mind I sweare before I marrie,
I would see all my Wiues good parts at once,
To view how rich I were.

Maudl. Thou shalt here sweet Musicke *Tim*.
Pray forsooth. *Musicke and Welch Song*

THE SONG.

CVPID is VENUS onely Ioy,
But he is a wanton Boy,
A verie verie wanton Boy,
He shoots at Ladies naked Brests,
He is the cause of most Mens Crests,
I meane upon the Forehead,
Inuisible but horrid,
'Twas he first taught upon the way,
To keepe a Ladies Lips in play.

Why should not VENUS chide her Some,
For the pranks that he hath done,
The wanton pranks that he hath done?
He shoots his Firie Darts so thicke,
They hurt poore Ladies to the quicke,

*Ah me, with cruell wounding,
His Darts are so confounding,
That life and sence would soone decay,
But that he keepes their Lips in play.*

*Can there be any part of blisse,
In a quickly fleeting kisse,
A quickly fleeting kisse,
To ones pleasure, leasures are but wast,
The slowest kisse makes too much hast,
And loose it ere we find it,
The pleasing sport they onely know,
That cloase above and cloase below.*

Tim. I would not change my wife for a Kingdome,
I can doe somewhat too in my owne Lodging.

Enter Yellow-hammer, and All-wit.

Yell. Why well sayd *Tim*, the Bels goe merrily,
I loue such peales alive, wife lead them in a while,
Here's a strange Gentleman desires priuate conference.
You'r welcome Sir, the more for your names sake.
Good M^r *Yellowhammer*, I loue my name well,
And which a'the *Yellowhammers* take you descent from,
If I may be so bold with you, which I pray?

All. The *Yellowhammers* in Oxfordshire,
Neere Abbington.

Yell. And those are the best *Yellowhammers*, and truest
bred: I came from thence my selfe, though now a Citizen:
I'll be bold with you, You are most welcome.

All. I hope the zeale I bring with me shall deserue it.

Yell. I hope no lesse, what is your will Sir?

All. I vnderstand by rumors, you haue a Daughter,
Which my bold loue shall hence-forth title cousin.

Yell. I thanke you for her Sir.

All. I heard of her vertues, and other confirm'd graces.

Yellowhammer

Yell. A plaguy Girle Sir.

All. Fame sets her out with richer ornaments,
Then you are pleas'd to boast of, 'Tis done modestly,
I heare she's towards marriage.

Yell. You heare truth Sir.

All. And with a Knight in Towne, *Sr Walter Whore-*
hound.

Yell. The verie same Sir.

All. I am the sorrier for't.

Yell. The sorrier, Why cousten?

All. 'Tis not too farre past ist? It may be yet recal'd?

Yell. Recal'd, why good Sir?

All. Resolue me in that point ye shall heare from me.

Yell. There's no Contract past.

All. I am verie ioyfull Sir.

Yell. But he's the Man must bed her.

All. By no meanes cus, she's quite vndone then,
And you'le curse the time that e're you made the match,
He's an arrant whoremaster, consumes his time and state,
—— whom in my knowledge he hath kept this 7 yeres,
Nay cus, an other Mans Wife too.

Yell. O ahbominable!

All. Maintaines the whole house, apparels the husband,
Payes seruants wadges, not so much, but ——

Yell. Worfe and worfe, & doth the husband know this?

All. Knowes? I and glad he may too, 'tis his liuing,
As other Trades thrue, Butchers by selling Flesh,
Poulters by venting Connies, or the like cous.

Yell. What an incomparable Witall's this?

All. Tush, what cares he for that?

Beleeue me cous, no more then I doe.

Yell. What a base Slaue is that?

All. All's one to him, he feeds and takes his ease,
Was ne're the Man that euer broake his sleepe,
To get a Child yet by his owne confession,
And yet his Wife has seuen.

Yell. What, by *Sr Walter*?

All. *Sr Walter's* like to keepe 'em, and maintaine 'em,
In excellent fashion, he dares doe no lesse Sir.

Tell. Life has he Children too?

All. Children? Boyes thus high,
In their Cato and Cordelius.

Tell. What you iell Sir?

All. Why, one can make a Verse,
And is now at Eaton Colledge.

Tell. O this newes has cut into my Heart coues.

All. It had eaten neerer if it had not beene preuented.
One *Allwit's* Wife.

Tell. *Allwit*? 'Foot I haue heard of him,
He had a Girle Kurfined lately?

All. I that worke did cost the Knight aboue a hundred
marke.

Tell. I'll marke him for a Knaue and Villaine for't,
A thousand thanks and blessings, I haue done with him.

All. Ha, ha, ha, this Knight will sticke by my ribs still,
I shall not loose him yet, no Wife will come,
Where e're he woos, I find him still at home, Ha, ha, *Exit*

Tell. Well grant all this, say now his deeds are blacke,
Pray what serues marriage, but to call him backe,
I haue kept a Whore my selfe, and had a Bastard,
By *Mrs Anne*, in *Anno*

I care not who knowes it, he's now a iolly fellow,
H'as beene twice Warden, so may his fruit be,
They were but base begot, and so was he,
The Knight is rich, he shall be my Sonne-in-Law,
No matter so the Whore he keepes be wholesome,
My Daughter takes no hurt then, so let them wed,
I'll haue him sweat well e're they goe to Bed.

Enter Maudline.

Maudl. O Husband, Husband.

Tell. How now *Maudline*?

Maudl. We are all yndone, she's gone, she's gone.

Tellohammer

Tell. Againe, Death which way?

Maudl. Ouer the Houses:

Lay the Water-side, she's gone for euer else.

Tell. O ventrous Baggage!

Exit

Enter Tim and Tutor.

Tim. Theeues, Theeues, my Sister's stolne,
Some Thiefe hath got her:
O how myraculously did my Fathers Plate scape,
'Twas all left out Tutor.

Tut. Ist possible?

Tim. Besides three chaines of Pearle & a Box of Currall.
My Sister's gone, let's looke at Trig-staires for her,
My Mother's gone to lay the Common-staires,
At Puddle-wharfe, and at the Docke below,
Stands my poore silly Father, Run sweet Tutor, run. *Exit*

Enter both the Tuckwoods.

T.S. I had beene taken Brother by eight Sergeants,
But for the honest Watermen, I am bound to them,
They are the most requiteful'st people liuing,
For as they get their meanes by Gentlemen,
They are still the forwardest to helpe Gentlemen,
You heard how one scap't out of the Blacke-Fryers;
But a while since from two or three Varlets
Came into the House with all their Rapiers drawne,
As if they'd daunce the Sword-dance on the Stage,
With Candles in their Hands like Chandlers Ghosts,
Whil'st the poore Gentleman so pursued and banded,
Was by an honest paire of Oares safely landed.

T.I. I loue them with my Heart for't.

Enter three or foure Watermen.

1 Your first Man Sir.

2 Shall I carrie you Gentlemen with a paire of Oares?

T.S. These be the honest Fellowes,
Take one paire, and leaue the rest for her.

T.I. Barne-Elmes.

T.S. No more Brother.

1 Your first man.

2 Shall I carrie your Worship?

T.I. Goe, and you honest watermen that stay,
Here's a French-crowne for you,
There comes a Mayd with all speed to take water,
Row her lustily to Barne-Elmes after me.

2 To Barne-Elmes, good Sir : make ready the boat *Sam*,
We'll wait below. *Exit*

Enter Moll.

T.I. What made you stay so long?

Moll. I found the way more dangerous then I look't
for.

T.I. Away quicke, there's a Boar waites for you,
And I'll take water at Pauls-wharfe, and ouer-take you.

Moll. Good Sir doe, we cannot be too safe.

Enter Sr Walter, Yellowhammer, Tim and Tutor.

S.Walt. Life, eall you this close keeping?

Yell. She was kept vnder a double locke.

S.Walt. A double Deuill.

Tim. That's a buffe Serieant Tutor, he'll ne're were out.

Yell. How would you haue Women lock't?

Tim. With Padlockes Father, the Venetian vses it,
My Tutor reads it.

S.Walt. Heart, if she were so lock't vp, how got she
out?

Yell. There was a little hole look't into the gutter,
But who would haue drempt of that?

S.Walt. A wiser Man would.

Tim. He sayes true Father, a wise man for loue will seeke
cuerie hole : my Tutor knowes it.

Tut. *Verum poeta dicit.*

Tim. *Dicit Virgilius* Father.

Yellowhammer

Yell. Prethee talke of thy Gills some-where else, she's play'd the Gill with me : where's your wife Mother now ?

Tim. Run mad I thinke, I thought she would haue drown'd her selfe, she would not stay for Oares, but tooke a Smelt-boat : sure I thinke she be gone a fishing for her.

Yell. She'll catch a goodly dish of Gudgeons now,
Will serue vs all to Supper.

*Enter Maudline drawing Moll by the Hayre,
and Watermen.*

Maudl. I'll tug thee home by the Hayre.

Wat. Good Mistris spare her.

Maudl. Tend your owne businesse.

Wat. You are a cruell Mother.

Exit

Moll. O my Heart dyes !

Maudl. I'll make thee an example for all the Neighbors
Daughters.

Moll. Farwell life.

Maudl. You that haue trickes can counterfeit.

Yell. Hold, hold *Maudline.*

Maud. I haue brought your Iewell by the Hayre.

Yell. She's here Knight.

S.Walt. Forbeare or I'll grow worse.

Tim. Looke on her Tutor, she hath brought her from
the Water like a Mermayd, she's but halfe my Sister now,
as farre as the Flesh goes, the rest may be sold to Fish-
wiues.

Maudl. Desembling cunning baggage.

Yell. Impudent Strumpet.

S.Walt. Either giue ouer both, or I'll giue ouer:
Why haue you vs'd me thus vnkind Mistris ?
Wherein haue I deserued ?

Yell. You talke too fondly Sir, we'll take another course
and preuent all, we might haue don't long since, we'll loose
no time now, nor trust to't any longer, to morrow morne
as early as Sunne rise we'll haue you ioyn'd.

Moll.

Moll. O bring me Death to night, Loue pittying Fates,
Let me not see to morrow vp vpon the World.

Tell. Are you content Sir, till then she shall be watch't?

Maudl. Baggage you shall. *Exit*

Tim. Why Father, my Tutor and I will both watch in
Armour.

Tut. How shall we doe for Weapons?

Tim. Take you no care for that, if need be I can send for
conquering mettall Tutor, ne're lost day yet, 'tis but at
Westminster, I am acquainted with him that keepes the
Monuments, I can borrow *Harry* the Fifth's Sword, 'twill
serue vs both to watch with. *Exit*

S.Walt. I neuer was so neere my wish, as this chance
Makes me, ere to morrow noone,
I shall receiue two thousand pound in Gold,
And a sweet Mayden-head
Worth fourtie.

Enter Tuckwood Iunior with a Waterman.

T.I. O thy newes splits me.

Wat. Halfe drown'd, she cruelly tug'd her by the Hayre,
Forc't her disgracefully, not like a Mother.

T.I. Enough, leaue me like my Ioyes, *Exit Wat.*
Sir saw you not a wretched Mayd passe this way?
Heart Villaine, is it thou? *Both draw*

S.Walt. Yes Slaue, 'tis I. *and fight*

T.I. I must breake through thee then, there is no stop
That checkes my Tongue, and all my hopefull fortunes,
That Breast excepted, and I must haue way.

S.Walt. Sir I beleue 'twill hold your life in play.

T.I. Sir you'le gaine the Heart in my Breast at first?

S.Walt. There is no dealing then, thinke on the Dowrie
for two thousand pounds.

T.I. O now 'tis quit Sir.

S.Walt. And being of euen hand, I'le play no longer.

T.I. No longer Slaue?

S.Walt.

S. Walt. I haue certaine things to thinke on,
Before I dare goe further.

T. I. But one bout?
I'll follow thee to death, but ha't out.

Exit

Actus Quintus.

Enter Allwit, his Wife, and Dany Dahumama.

Wife. A miserie of a House.

All. What shall become of vs?

Dany I thinke his wound be mortall.

All. Think'st thou so *Dany*?

Then am I mortall too, but a dead Man *Dany*,
This is no world for me, when e're he goes,
I must e'ne trusse vp all, and after him *Dany*,
A Sheet with two knots, and away.

Enter Sir Walter led in hurt.

Dany O see Sir,
How faint he goes, two of my Fellowes lead him.

Wife O me!

All. Hyday, my wife's layd downe too, here's like to be
A good House kept, when we are altogether downe,
Take paynes with her good *Dany*, eheere her vp there,
Let me come to his Worship, let me come.

S. Walt. Touch me not Villaine, my wound akes at thee,
Thou poyson to my Heart.

All. He raues already,
His fences are quite gone, he knowes me not,
Looke vp an't like your Worship, heaue those Eyes,
Call me to mind, is your remembrance left?
Looke in my face, who am I an't like your Worship?

I

S. Walt.

S. Walt. If any thing be worſe then Slaue or Villaine,
Thou art the Man.

All. Alas his poore Worſhips weakeneſſe,
He will begin to know me by little and little.

Walt. No Diuell can be like thee.

All. Ah poore Gentleman,
Me thinkes the paine that thou endureſt.

S. Walt. Thou know'ſt me to be wicked for thy baſeneſſe
Kept the Eyes open ſtill on all my ſinnes,
None knew the deere account my ſoule ſtood charg'd with
So well as thou, yet like Hels flattering Angel,
Would'ſt neuer tell me an't, let'ſt me goe on,
And ioyne with Death in ſleepe, that if I had not wak't
Now by chance, euen by a ſtrangers pittie,
I had euerlaſtingly ſlept out all hope
Of grace and mercie.

All. Now he is worſe and worſe,
Wiſe, to him wiſe, thou waſt wont to doe good on him.

Wiſe How iſt with you Sir?

S. Walt. Not as with you,
Thou loathſome ſtrumpet: ſome good pittying Man
Remoue my ſinnes out of my ſight a little,
I tremble to behold her, ſhe keepes backe
All comfort while ſhe ſtays, is this a time,
Vnconſcionable Woman, to ſee thee,
Art thou ſo cruell to the peace of Man,
Not to giue libertie now, the Diuell himſelfe
Shewes a farre fairer reuerence and reſpect
To goodneſſe then thy ſelfe, he dares not doe this,
But part in time of penitence, hides his Face,
When Man with-drawes from him, he leaues the place,
Haſt thou leſſe manners, and more impudence,
Then thy inſtructor, prethee ſhew thy modeſtie,
If the leaſt graine be left, and get thee from me,
Thou ſhould'ſt be rather lock't many Roomes hence,
From the poore miſerable ſight of me,
If either loue or grace had part in thee.

Wife He is lost for euer.

All. Run sweet *Dany* quickly,
And fetch the Children hither, sight of them,
Will make him cheerefull straight.

S. Walt. O Death! Is this
A place for you to weepe? What teares are those?
Get you away with them, I shall fare the worse,
As long as they are a weeping, they worke against me,
There's nothing but thy appetite in that sorrow,
Thou weep'st for Lust, I feele it in the slacknesse
Of comforts comming towards me,
I was well till thou began'st to vndoe me,
This shewes like the fruitlesse sorrow of a carelesse mother
That brings her Sonne with dalliance to the Gallowes,
And then stands by, and weepes to see him suffer.

Enter Dany with the Children.

Dany There are the children Sir, an't like your worship,
Your last fine Girle, in troth she smiles,
Looke, looke, in faith Sir. (Face

S. Walt. O my vengeance, let me for euer hide my cursed
From sight of those that darkens all my hopes,
And stands betweene me and the sight of Heauen,
Who sees me now, ho to and those so neere me,
May rightly say, I am o're-growne with sinne,
O how my offences wrastle with my repentance,
It hath scarce breath,
Still my adulterous guilt houers aloft,
And with her blacke Wings beats downe all my prayers.
Ere they be halfe way vp, what's he knowes now,
How long I haue to liue? ô what comes then,
My tast growes bitter, the round World, all Gall now,
Her pleasing pleasures now hath poyson'd me,
Which I exchang'd my Soule for,
Make way a hundred sighes at once for me.

All. Speake to him *Nicke.*

Nicke Idare not, I am afraid.

All. Tell him he hurts his wounds *War*, with making moane.

S.Walt. Wretched, death of seauen.

All. Come let's be talking somewhat to keepe him aliue
Ah sira *War*, and did my Lord bestow that Jewell on thee,
For an Epistle thou mad'st in Latine,
Thou art a good forward Boy, there's great ioy on thee.

S.Walt. O sorrow!

All. Heart will nothing comfort him?
If he be so farre gone, 'tis time to moane,
Here's Pen, and Incke, and Paper, and all things ready,
Wilt please your Worship for to make your Will?

S.Walt. My Will? Yes, yes, what else? Who writes apace now?

All. That can your man *Dany* an't like your Worship,
A faire, fast, legible Hand.

S.Walt. Set it downe then:
Inprimis, I bequeath to yonder Witall,
Three times his weight in Cursrs,

All. How?

S.Walt. All Plagues of Body and of Mind,

All. Write them not downe *Dany*.

Dany It is his Will, I must.

S.Walt. Together also,
With such a Sicknesse, ten dayes ere his Death.

All. There's a sweet Legacie,
I am almost choak't with't.

S.Walt. Next I bequeath to that foule whore his Wife,
All barrenesse of Ioy, a drouth of Vertue,
And dearch of all repentance: For her end,
The common miserie of an English Strumpet,
In French and Duch, beholding ere she dyes
Confusion of her Brats before her Eyes,
And neuer shed a teare for it.

Enter

Enter a Seruant.

Seru. Where's the Knight?

O Sir, the Gentleman you wounded, is newly departed,

S.Walt. Dead? Lift, lift, Who helps me?

All. Let the Law lift you now, that must haue all,
I haue done lifting on you, and my Wife too.

Seru. You were best locke your selfe close.

All. Not in my House Sir,
I'll harbour no such persons as Men-slayers,
Locke your selfe where you will.

S.Walt. What's this?

Wife Why Husband.

All. I know what I doe Wife.

Wife You cannot tell yet,
For hauing kild the Man in his defence,
Neither his Life, nor estate will be touch't Husband.

All. Away Wife, heare a Foole, his Lands will hang
him.

S.Walt. Am I deny'd a Chamber?
What say you forfooth?

Wife Alas Sir, I am one that would haue all well,
But must obey my Husband. Prethee Loue
Let the poore Gentleman stay, being so sore wounded,
There's a close Chamber at one end of the Garret
We neuer vse, let him haue that I prethee.

All. We neuer vse, you forget sicknesse then,
And Physicke times: Ist not a place for easement?

Enter a Seruant.

S.Walt. O Death! doe I heare this with part
Of former life in me? What's the newes now?

Seru. Troth worse & worse, you'r like to lose your land
If the Law saue your life Sir, or the Surgeon.

All. Harke you there Wife.

S. Walt. Why how Sir?

Sern. *St Oliner Kixes* Wife is new quickned,
That Child vndoes you Sir.

S. Walt. All ill at once.

All. I wonder what he makes here with his comforts?
Cannot our House be priuate to our selues,
But we must haue such Guests? I pray depart Sirs,
And take your Murtherer along with you,
Good he were apprehended ere he goe,
H'as kild some honest Gentleman, send for Officers.

S. Walt. I'le soone saue you that labour.

All. I must tell you Sir,
You haue beene some-what boulder in my House,
Then I could well like of, I suffred you
Till it stucke here at my Heart, I tell you truly
I thought you had beene familiar with my Wife once.

Wife With me? I'le see him hang'd first, I desie him,
And all such Gentlemen in the like extremitie.

S. Walt. If euer Eyes were open, these are they,
Gamsters farewell, I haue nothing left to play. *Exit*

All. And therefore get you gone Sir.

Dany Of all Wittalles,
Be thou the Head. Thou the grand whore of Spittles. *Exit*

All. So, since he's like now to be rid of all,
I am right glad, I am so well rid of him.

Wife I knew he durst not stay, when you nam'd Officers

All. That stop't his Spirits straight,
What shall we doe now Wife?

Wife As we were wont to doe.

All. We are richly furnish't wife, with Household-stuffe

Wife Let's let out Lodgings then,
And take a House in the Strand.

All. In troth a match Wench:

We are simply stock't, with Cloath of Tissue Cassions,
To furnish out bay-windows: Push, what not that's queint
And costly, from the top to the bottome:
Life, for Furniture, we may lodge a Countesse:

There's

There's a Cloase-stoole of tawny Veluct too,
Now I thinke on't Wife.

Wife There's that should be Sir,
Your Nose must be in euerie thing.

All. I haue done Wench,
And let this stand in euerie Gallants Chamber,
There's no Gamster like a politike sinner,
For who e're games, the Box is sure a winner:

Exit

Enter Yellowhammer, and his Wife.

Maudl. O Husband, husband, she will dye, she will dye
There is no signe but death.

Tell. 'Twill be our shame then.

Maudl. O how she's chang'd in compasse of an houre:

Tell. Ah my poore girle! good faith thou wert too cruell
To dragge her by the Hayre.

Maudl. You would haue done as much Sir,
To curbe her of her humør.

Tell. 'Tis curb'd sweetly, she catch't her bane o'th water.

Enter Tim.

Maudl. How now *Tim.*

Tim. Faith busie Mother about an Epitaph,
Vpon my Sisters death.

Maudl. Death! She is not dead I hope?

Tim. No: but she meanes to be, and that's as good,
And when a thing's done, 'tis done,
You taught me that Mother.

Tell. What is your Tutor doing?

Tim. Making one too, in principall pure Latine,
Cul'd out of *Ouid de Tristibus.*

Tell. How does your Sister looke, is she not chang'd?

Tim. Chang'd? Gold into white Money was neuer so
As is my Sisters colour into palenesse.

(chang'd,
Enter

*Enter Moll.**Yell.* O here she's brought, see how she looks like death*Tim.* Lookes she like Death, and ne're a word made yet,
I must goe beat my Braines against a Bed-post,
And get before my Tutor.*Yell.* Speake, how do'st thou?*Moll.* I hope I shall be well, for I am as sicke at Heart,
As I can be.*Yell.* 'Las my poore Girle,
The Doctor's making a most soueraine drinke for thee,
The worst Ingredience, dissolu'd Pearle and Amber,
We spare no cost Girle.*Moll.* Your loue comes to late,
Yet timely thanks reward it : What is comfort,
When the poore Patients Heart is past reliefe?
It is no Doctors Art can cure my griefe.*Yell.* All is cast away then,
Prethee looke vpon me cheerfully.*Maudl.* Sing but a straine or two, thou wilt not thinke
How 'twill reuiue thy Spirits : strine with thy fit,
Prethee sweet *Moll.**Moll.* You shall haue my good will Mother.*Maud.* Why well said Wench.

THE SONG.

Weepe Eyes, breake Heart,
My Loue and I must part,
Cruell Fates, trem-loue doe soonest seuer,
O, I shall see thee, neuer, neuer, neuer.
O happy is the Mayd, whose life takes end,
Ere it knowes Parents frowne, or losse of friend.
Weepe Eyes, breake Heart,
My Loue and I must part.

Enter

Enter Tuckwood Senior with a Letter.

Maudl. O, I could die with Musicke: well sung Girls.

Moll. If you call it so, It was.

Yell. She playes the Swan, and sings her selfe to death.

T.S. By your leaue Sir.

Yell. What are you Sir? Or what's your businesse pray?

T.S. I may be now admitted, tho the Brother
Of him your hate persuede, it spreads no further,
Your malice sets in death, does it not Sir?

Yell. In Death?

T.S. He's dead: 'twas a deere Loue to him,
It cost him but his life, that was all Sir:
He pay'd enough, poore Gentleman, for his Loue.

Yell. There's all our ill remou'd, if she were well now:
Impute not Sir, his end to any hate

That sprung from vs, he had a faire wound brought that.

T.S. That helpt him forward, I must needs confesse:
But the restraint of Loue, and your vnkindnesse,
Those were the wounds, that from his Heart drew Blood,
But being past helpe, let words forget it too:
Scarcely three Minutes, ere his Eye-lids clos'd,
And tooke eternall leaue of this Worlds light,
He wrot this Letter, which by Oath he bound me,
To giue to her owne Hands, that's all my businesse.

Yell. You may performe it then, there she sits.

T.S. O with a following looke.

Yell. I trust me Sir, I thinke she'll follow him quickly.

T.S. Here's some Gold,
He wil'd me to distribute faithfully amongst your Seruants.

Yell. 'Las what doth he meane Sir?

T.S. How cheere you Mistris?

Moll. I must learne of you Sir.

T.S. Here's a Letter from a Friend of yours,
And where that sayles, in satisfaction
I haue a sad Tongue ready to supply.

Moll. How does he, ere I looke on't?

T.S. Seldome better, h'as a contented health now.

Moll. I am most glad on't.

Maudl. Dead Sir?

Tell. He is: Now Wife let's but get the Gerle
Vpon her Legges againe, and to Church roundly with her.

Moll. O sicke to Death he telles me:

How does he after this?

T.S. Faith feesles no paine at all, he's dead sweet Mistris.

Moll. Peace close mine Eyes.

Tell. The Girle, looke to the Girle Wife.

Maudl. Moll, Daughter, sweet Girle speake,
Look but once vp, thou shalt haue all the wishes of thy hart
That wealth can purchase.

Tell. O she's gone for euer, that Letter broake her hart.

T.S. As good now then, as let her lye in torment,
And then breake it.

Enter Susan.

Maudl. O *Susan*, she thou louedst so deere, is gone.

Sus. O sweet Mayd!

T.S. This is she that help't her still,
I'ue a reward here for thee

Tell. Take her in,
Remoue her from our sight, our shame, and sorrow.

T.S. Stay, let me helpe thee, 'tis the last cold kindnesse
I can performe for my sweet Brothers sake.

Tell. All the whole Street will hate vs, and the World
Point me out cruell: It is our best course Wife,
After we haue giuen order for the Funerall,
To absent our selues, till she be layd in ground.

Maudl. Where shall we spend that time? (Church,

Tell. I'le tell thee where Wench, goe to some private
And marry *Tim* to the rich Brecknocke Gentlewoman.

Maudl. Masse a match,
We'le not loose all at once, some-what we'le catch. *Exit*

Enter Sir Oliuer and Seruants.

S.Ol. Ho my Wiues quickned, I am a Man for euer,
I thinke I haue bestur'd my stumps I faith:
Run, get your Fellowes altogether instantly,
Then to the Parish-Church, and ring the Belles.

Seru. It shall be done Sir.

S.Ol.

S.Ol. Vpon my loue I charge you Villaine, that you make a Bon-fier before the Doore at night.

Seru. A Bon-fier Sir?

S.Ol. A thwacking one I charge you.

Seru. This is monstrous.

S.Ol. Run, tell a hundred pound out for the Gentleman That gaue my Wife the Drinke, the first thing you doe.

Seru. A hundred pounds Sir?

S.Ol. A bargaine, as our ioyes growes,
We must remember still from whence it flowes,
Or else we proue vngratefull multipliers:
The Child is comming, and the Land comes after,
The newes of this will make a poore *S^r Walter*.
I haue strooke it home I faith.

Seru. That you haue marry Sir.

But will not your Worship goe to the Funerall
Of both these Louers?

S.Ol. Both, goe both together?

Seru. I Sir, the Gentlemans Brother will haue it so,
'Twill be the pittifullest sight, there's such running,
Such rumours, and such throngs, a paire of Louers
Had neuer more spectators, more Mens pitties,
Or Womens wet Eyes.

S.Ol. My Wife helps the number then?

Seru. There's such drawing out of Handkerchers,
And those that haue no Handkerchers, lift vp Aprons.

S.Ol. Her Parents may haue ioyfull Hearts at this,
I would not haue my crueltie so talk't on,
To any Child of mine, for a Monopoly.

Seru. I belecue you Sir.

'Tis cast so too, that both their Coffins meet,
Which will be lamentable.

S.Ol. Come, we'le see't.

Exie

Recorders dolefully playing: Enter at one Dore the Coffin of the Gentleman, solemnly deck't, his Sword vpon it, attended by many in Blacke, his Brother being the chiefe Mourner: At the other Doore, the Coffin of the Virgin, with a Garland of Flowres, with Epitaphes pin'd on't,

*attended by Mayds and Women: Then set them downe
one right over-against the other, while all the Company
seeme to weepe and mourne, there is a sad Song in the
Musicke-Roome.*

T.S. Neuer could Death boast of a richer prize
From the first Parent, let the World bring forth
A paire of truer Hearts, to speake but truth
Of this departed Gentleman, in a Brother,
Might by hard censure, be call'd flatterie,
Which makes me rather, silent in his right,
Then so to be deliuer'd to the thoughts,
Of any enuious hearer, staru'd in vertue,
And therefore pining to heare others thruiue.
But for this Mayd, whom Enuy cannot hurt
With all her Poysons, hauing left to Ages,
The true, chast Monument of her liuing name,
Which no time can deface, I say of her
The full truth freely, without feare of censure
What Nature could there shine, that might redeeme
Perfection home to Woman, but in her
Was fully glorious, bewtie set in goodnesse
Speakes what she was, that Iewell so infixt,
There was no want of any thing of life,
To make these vertuous presidents, Man and Wife.

Allw. Great pittie of their deathes.

All Ne're more pittie.

Lady It makes a hundred weeping Eyes, sweet Gossip.

T.S. I cannot thinke, there's any one amongst you,
In this full faire assembly, Mayd, Man, or Wife,
Whose Heart would not haue sprung with ioy & gladnesse
To haue seene their marriage day?

All It would haue made a thousand ioyfull Hearts.

T.S. Vp then a pace, and take your fortunes,
Make these ioyfull Hearts, here's none but Friends.

All Aliue Sir? ô sweet decre Couple.

T.S. Nay, do not hinder 'em now, stand from about 'em,
If she be caught againe, and haue this time,
I'll nere plot further for 'em, nor this honest chambermaid

Thae

That helpt all at a push.

T.S. Good Sir a pace.

Parf. Hands ioyne now, but Hearts for euer,
Which no Parents mood shall seuer.

You shall forsake all Widowes, Wiues, and Mayds :
You, Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, and Men of Trades :
And if in hast, any Article misses,
Goe inter-line it with a brace of kisses.

T.S. Here's a thing trould nimbly. Giue you ioy brother
Were't not better thou should'st haue her,
Then the Mayd should dye ?

Wife To you sweet Mistris Bride.

All Ioy, ioy to you both.

T.S. Here be your Wedding Sheets you brought along
with you, you may both goe to Bed when you please too.

T.I. My ioy wants vtterance.

T.S. Vtter all at night then Bröther.

Moll. I am silent with delight.

T.S. Sister, delight will silence any Woman,
But you'le find your Tongue againe, among Mayd Seruants,
Now you keepe House, Sister.

All Neuer was houre, so fild with ioy and wonder.

T.S. To tell you the full storie of this Chamber-Mayd,
And of her kindnesse in this businesse to vs,
'T would aske an houres discourse : In brieffe 'twas she,
That wrought it to this purpose cunningly.

All We shall all loue her for't.

Enter Yellow-hammer, and his Wife.

All. See who comes here now.

T.S. A storme, a storme, but we are sheltred for it.

Yell. I will preuent you all, and mocke you thus,
You, and your expectations, I stand happy,
Both in your liues, and your Hearts combination.

T.S. Here's a strange day againe.

Yell. The Knights prou'd Villaine,
Al's come out now, his Neece an arrant *Baggage*,
My poore Boy *Tim*, is cast away this morning,

Euen before Breakefast : Married a Whore
Next to his Heart.

All A Whore ?

Tell. His Neece forsooth.

Allw. I thinke we rid our Hands in good time of him.

Wife I knew he was past the best, when I gaue him ouer.
What is become of him pray Sir ?

Tell. Who the Knight ? he lies i'th' Knights ward now.
Your Belly Lady begins to blossom, ther's no peace for him
His Creditors are so greedy.

S.Ol. Mr *Tuchwood*, hear'st thou this newes ?
I am so indeer'd to thee for my Wiues fruitfulnessse,
That I charge you both, your Wife and thee,
To liue no more asunder for the Worlds frownes,
I haue Purse, and Bed, and Bord for you :
Be not afraid to goe to your businesse roundly,
Get Children, and I'le keepe them.

T.S. Say you so Sir ?

S.Ol. Proue me, with three at a birth, & thou dar'st now.

T.S. Take heed how you dare a Man, while you liue Sir
That has good skill at his Weapon.

Enter Tim and Welch Gentlewoman.

S.Ol. 'Foot, I dare you Sir.

Tell. Looke Gentlemen, if euer you say the picture
Of the vnfortunate Marriage, yonder 'tis.

W.G. Nay good sweet *Tim*.

Tim. Come from the Vniuersitie,
To marry a Whore in London, with my Tutor too ?
O Tempora ! O Mors !

Tut. Prethee *Tim* be patient.

Tim. I bought a Iade at Cambridge,
I'le let her out to execution Tutor,
For eighteene pence a day, or Brainford Horse-races,
She'le serue to carrie seuen Miles out of Towne well.
Where be these Mountaines ? I was promis'd Mountaines,
But there's such a Mist, I can see none of 'em.
What are become of those two thousand Runts ?

Let's

Let's haue about with them in the meane time.

A Vengeance Runt thee.

Maudl. Good sweet *Tim* haue patience.

Tim *Fletere si neguro Superos Acheronta mouebo*, mother

Maudl. I thinke you haue married her in Logicke *Tim*.

You told me once, by Logicke you would proue

A Whore, an honest Woman, proue her so *Tim*

And take her for thy labour.

Tim. Troth I thanke you.

I grant you I may proue another Mans Wife so,

But not mine owne.

Maudl. There's no remedy now *Tim*,

You must proue her so as well as you may.

Tim. Why then my Tutor and I will about her,

As well as we can.

Uxor non est Meritrix, ergo falacis.

W. G. Sir if your Logicke cannot proue me honest,
There's a thing call'd Marriage, and that makes me honest.

Maudl. O there's a tricke beyond your Logicke *Tim*.

Tim. I perceiue then a Woman may be honest according
to the English Print, when she is a Whore in the Latine.
So much for Marriage and Logicke. I'll loue her for her
Wit, I'll picke out my Runts there: And for my Moun-
taines, I'll mount vpon —————

Yell. So Fortune seldome deales two Marriages
With one Hand, and both lucky: The best is,
One Feast will serue them both: Marry for roome,
I'll haue the Dinner kept in Gold-Smithes-Hall,
To which kind Gallants, I inuite you all.

FINIS.

